

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 3 June 1959



Summer Number

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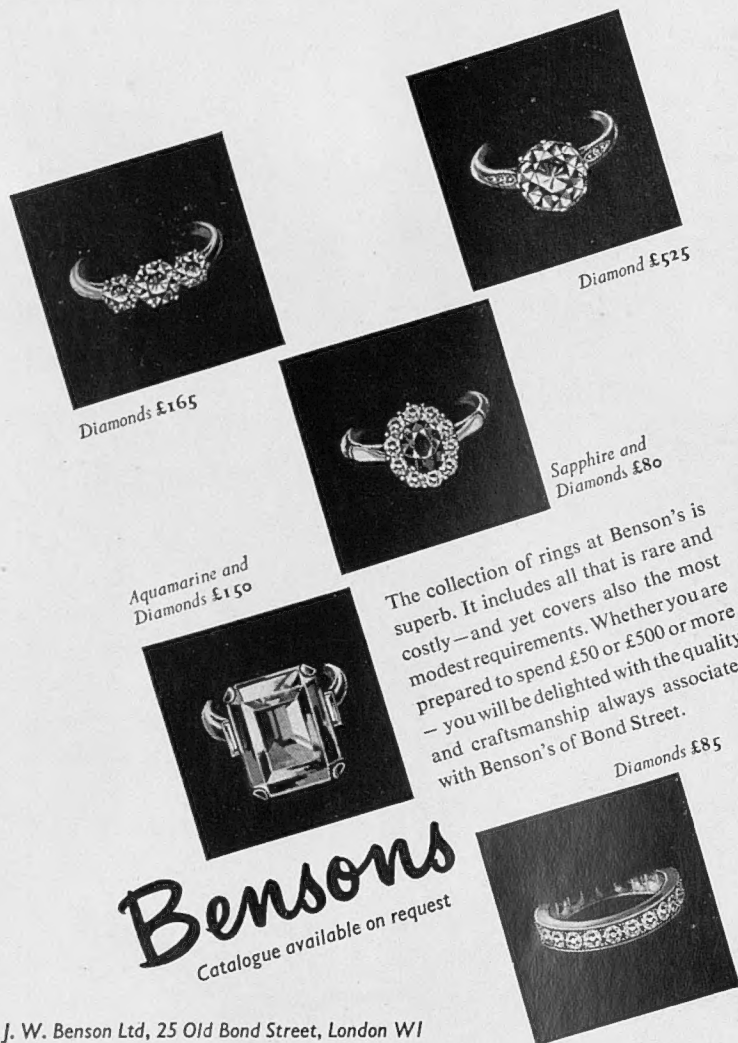
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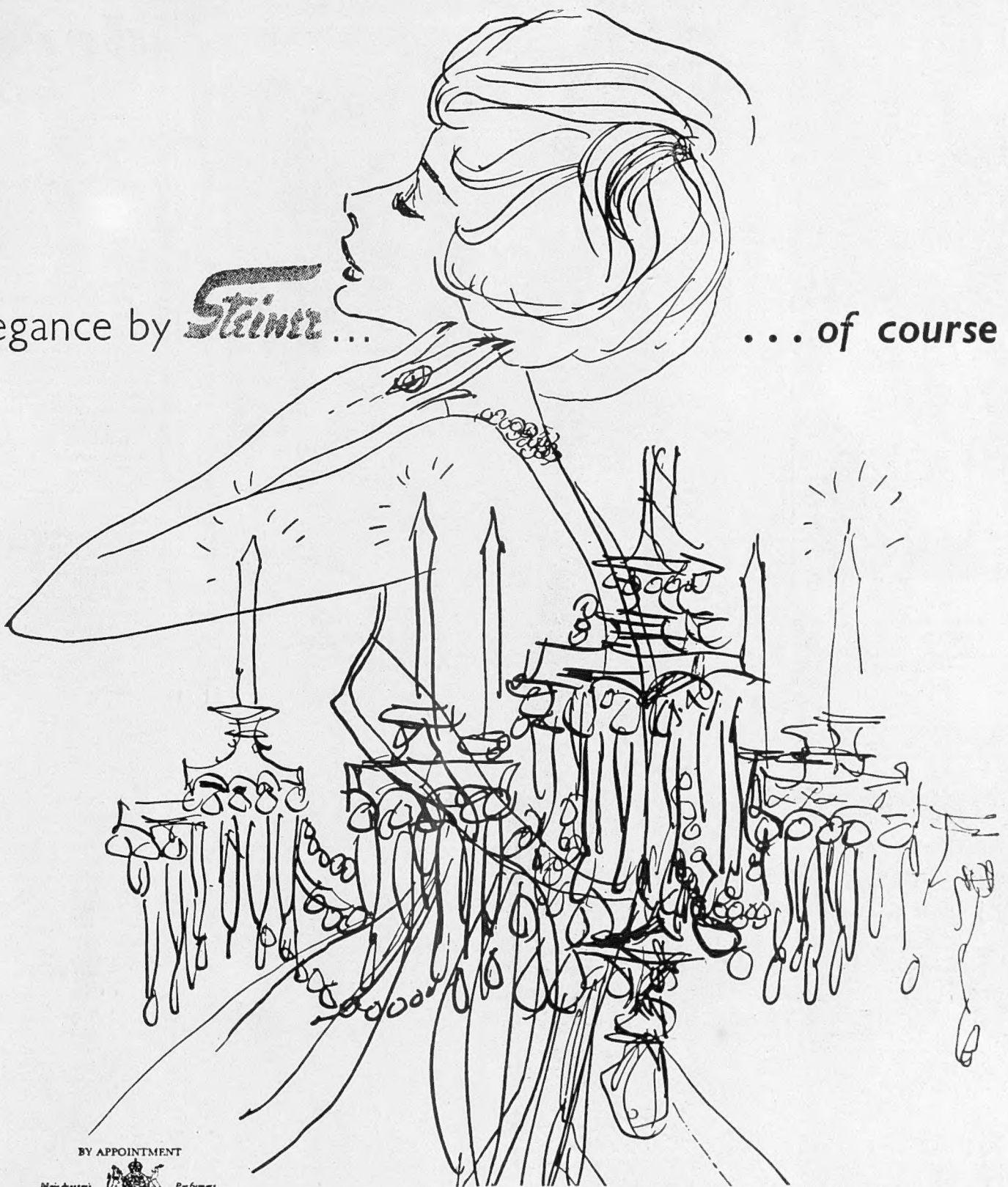
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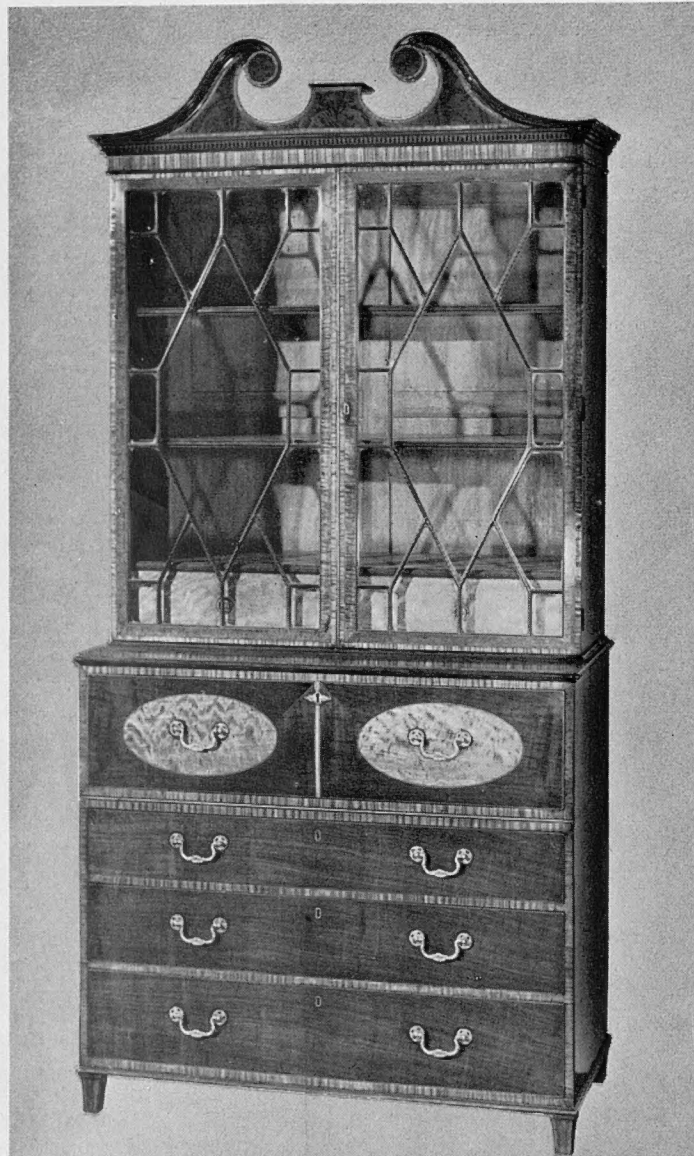
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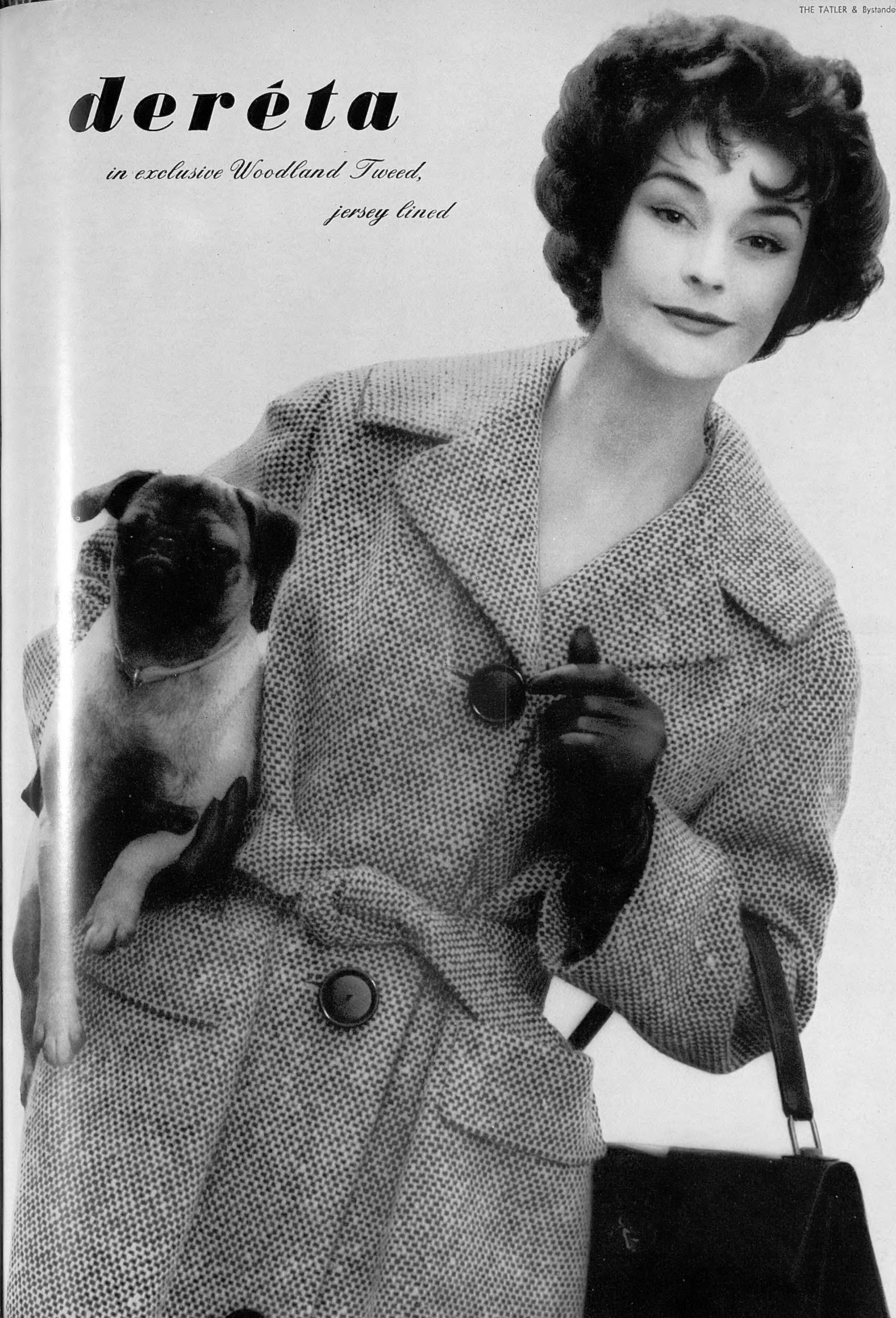
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Vol. CCXXXII No. 3021

3 June 1959

COVER FEATURE: See page 539

NEXT WEEK: *Peter Quennell* writes on the glass-engraving of Laurence Whistler. . . . *J. Allan Cash* photographs the Bombay Races. . . . *Robin Cooke* writes on the Antique Dealers' Fair

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GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

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THE SEASON

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House (to mid-August); also paintings by Sir **Winston Churchill** (to 3 August).

Glyndebourne Festival Opera to 16 August. (Tickets, Glyndebourne Opera Office, 23 Baker St., W.1. WEL 1010.)

The Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 20 June. (Tickets, 66 Victoria St., S.W.1. vic 7852.)

The Fourth of June at Eton College (King George III's birthday celebrations).

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, on the Queen's official birthday, 13 June.

Richmond Royal Horse Show, 11-13 June.

Cambridge May Week opens, 8 June.

Blenheim Ball, for the Oxfordshire Association of Boys' Clubs, 7 July at Blenheim Palace. Tickets, £4 4s., from the Duchess of Marlborough, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxon.

1st & 3rd Trinity Boat Club May Ball, 15 June. Tickets, £2 2s. without supper, £3 3s. with

supper, from J. R. W. Pardey, Esq., Ball Secretary, Trinity College, Cambridge.

Opening Ball of the Refugee Year, Belgian Club, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W. 4 June. Cabaret by Donald Swann. Tickets £2 2s. (including buffet supper) from Robert Adler, Esq., 115 Hamilton Terrace, N.W.1.

SPORT

First Test Match, England v. India, Trent Bridge, Notts, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 June.

Polo, Cirencester Park Tournament, 5-7 June.

Senior T.T. motor cycle race, Isle of Man, 5 June.

County Cricket Week, the Oval. To 5 June.

Golf, Ladies' Commonwealth Tournament, St. Andrews. To 5 June.

MUSICAL

Handel-Purcell Festival, 8-27 June, with many special performances. For details apply Festival Publicity Officer, B.B.C., Yalding House (Room 417), Gt. Portland St., W.1.

Royal Festival Hall. Purcell & Handel Concert, with London Symphony Orchestra and Royal Opera Chorus; conductors Sir Arthur Bliss and Benjamin Britten, 8 p.m. 10 June. (WAT 3191.)

Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells. Ballets include *Laidrette*, *Lilac Garden*, *Dark Elegies Czernyana*. 7.30 p.m. Sat. matinée 2.30 p.m., to 6 June. (TER 1672-3.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Margot Fonteyn & Michael Somes in *Symphonic Variations* and *Daphnis and Chloe*, 5, 11, 13 June; *Giselle*, 15 June; *Ondine*, 6 & 20 June (last night of ballet season). (COV 1066.)

Bath Festival, to 13 June.

Festival of Church Choirs, Southwell Minster, Notts, 6 June.

Covent Garden Opera. Maria Callas in Cherubini's *Medea* (exchange production from Dallas, Texas), 17, 22, 24, 27, 30 June. Handel's *Samson*, 8, 12, 25 June. (COV 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera, Spring Tour. *continued on page 509*



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GOING PLACES

(continued from page 506)

Hippodrome, Bristol, 8 June;
Pavilion, Bournemouth, 15 June.
Hampstead Festival of Music & the Arts, to 13 June.
Die Fledermaus (Sadler's Wells company) at the London Coliseum. To 4 July. (TEM 3161.)

OUT OF DOORS

St. Ives, Cornwall, Carnival Week, "A Town On Show," to 6 June.
Bath & West Show, Yeovil, to 6 June.
Suffolk County Show, Bury St. Edmunds, 4-5 June.
Arran Welcome Week, Isle of Arran, to 13 June.
Brighton Air Week, in aid of the Royal Air Forces Association, to 7 June.
Stirling Festival Fortnight, to 6 June.
Pageant of Magna Carta, Bury St. Edmunds, 10-20 June.
Road the London Docks. Launch leaves Tower Pier 2.30, returns 6.15 p.m. Saturdays to 18 July, on Wednesdays, Thursdays & Saturdays to 12 September.

NEW SHOWS

The Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, E.C.2. (near Blackfriars Station). Best production, *Lock Up Your Daughters*. 6.10 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. (CIT 7656.)
Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Festival, Memorial Theatre. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* joins *Othello*. *All's Well That Ends Well*. (STRATFORD-ON-AVON 2271-2.)
First Nights: The French Mistress (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611), 4 June; *Farquell, Farewell Eugene* (Arriack Theatre, TEM 4601), 5 June; *Moscow State Circus* (Embley Empire Pool, WEM 34), six week season, 6 June; *The Tempest* and *The Enchanted Lover* (Old Vic, WAT 7616), 9 June.

PRAISED PLAYS

See "Verdicts" (p. 536) for Anthony Cookman's review this week.

Let Them Eat Cake. "A story... entertainingly told and decorated with some highly diverting talk." Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison, Eunice Gayson, Henry Kendall. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056).
Candida. "... some delightful qualities of its own—good singing, vigorous and various dancing, an inventively presented story and a moral into the bargain." Mary Costa, Edith Coates, Laurence Naismith, Denis Quilley, Ron Moody. (Saville Theatre, TEM 4011.)

Change Of Tune. "... based on an Italian light comedy... the audience obviously enjoys the joke... the company carry things off resourcefully and entertainingly." Geraldine McEwan, Dilys Laye, Michael Goodliffe, Hugh Latimer. (Strand Theatre, TEM 2660.)

The Pleasure Of His Company. "... obviously going to do pretty well... an engagingly bright, sentimental comedy." Coral Browne, Judith Stott, Nigel

Patrick. (Haymarket Theatre, WHI 9832.)

FANCIED FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see "Verdicts," page 536. G.R. = General Release. **Some Like It Hot**. "... The action of this hilarious piece takes place in 1929... one way and another I enjoyed it hugely." Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, Marilyn Monroe, George Raft. (London Pavilion, GER 2982.)

The Case Of Dr. Laurent. "... superbly photographed... the picture, full of warmth and shrewdly observed character. A daring film altogether." Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel, Sylvia Monfort. (Academy, GER 2981.)

The City Jungle. "... extremely well made... Mr. Paul Newman gives his usual good and thoughtful performance." Paul Newman, Barbara Rush, Alexis Smith, Robert Vaughn. G.R. 7 June.

Some Came Running. Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine. "... it exerts an odd and perhaps rather wicked fascination... Mr. Sinatra is doomed to suffer." G.R.

Carlton-Browne Of The F.O. Terry-Thomas, Peter Sellers, Ian Bannen. "... extraordinarily funny... Mr. Terry-Thomas gives a joyous performance." G.R.

Gigi. "Two hours of ravishing entertainment... it must in no circumstances be missed." Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier. (Columbia, REG 5414.)

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF
Guide to dining out

JUST OUT OF TOWN

C.S. = Closed Sunday.

Castle, 220 Putney Bridge Road, S.W.15 (PUT 0972). In a road where it would not occur to you to take important clients for a business lunch or guests out to dinner, but you can at the brand-new Castle; first-class cuisine in a charming dining-room (candlelit at night) with its own cocktail bar; short, comprehensive and well-chosen wine list.

Crown Hotel, Garston, off Watford by-pass, Hertfordshire. Garston 2310. Swiss hotelier M. Stuber has been here a long time and maintained its popularity.

Granville, 80 London Road, Enfield, Middlesex. ENFIELD 0979. Continental cooking to a standard you don't expect in this part of London; excellent wine list. Friday is the night you go there to dance.

Greyhound, George Street, Rich-

continued on page 510

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FINALLY, smooth on Silk-Tone Foundation Special...extra-creamy liquid silk that moisturizes and covers beautifully, 9/6. Then powder with new Silk Face Powder for Dry Skin, real silk, formulated with new ingredients to retain moisture, cling longer. It ensures a flawless complexion, ever dewy, never dry. In pale pink box, 10/6. REFILLS, 7/9.

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Mrs. EVANSKY: You see, fashion doesn't stand still... new dresses demand the right balance in hair styling.

But I'd hate it to look too exaggerated

Mr. EVANSKY: *There's no need—for good fashion reflects good taste.*

Thank you. Now I feel much happier about my new hair style.

THE EVANSKYS

17 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON W.1. MAY 5295, 3930



GOING PLACES

continued from page 509

mond, Surrey. Richmond 0324. One of Short's wine houses; good grills and cold buffet; fine range of beer and wine.

Jennett's Country Club, Dorking Road, Tadworth, Surrey. Burgh Heath 3201. First-class food, fine wines, and a welcome at this country club. If there isn't ask Leslie Hargreaves why; he's the owner. Like the Windmill, they never close.

Mayflower Hotel, Portsmouth Road, Cobham, Surrey. Cobham 3285. There's nothing M. Charles cannot provide in these luxury surroundings; take plenty of money. If it's on Sunday you may find yourself among some of London's famous restaurateurs.

Mill Restaurant, Harlow, Essex. Harlow 3251. Mr. Bronson, its proprietor, can become a *maitre chef* when necessary. Anything from Potage Paysanne to Rable de Lievre, with a good cellar in support.

Mitre, Hampton Court, Middlesex. Molesey 1339. Opposite the Palace; first-class and fairly expensive; reservation essential at weekends and summer evenings or you will have to spend a long time in the cocktail bar.

Myllet Arms, Western Avenue, Perivale, Middlesex. Perivale 4793. *Maitre restaurateur* Bonesi has left for a vacation prior to returning to the West End. Good luck to his successor; we shall watch him like hawks.

Normandie, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey. Kingston 4321. C.S. Continental cuisine opposite Bental's, behind the petrol pumps, but don't let that put you off. There's a champion mixer in the bar as you go in.

Orchard, Ickenham Road, Ruislip, Middlesex. Ruislip 3481. This Orchard grows everything. You want a dinner jacket for Saturday nights or you can't pick the fruit.

Wimbledon Hill Hotel, Wimbledon, S.W.19. WIM 6565. If you prefer, call it The Dog and Fox, it's the same place; large, smart and entirely redecorated cocktail bar and restaurant; an immense menu to West End standards with a wine list and service to match.

RIVER RUN

(Reservations essential during weekends in the summer.)

Hind's Head, Bray, Berkshire. Maidenhead 567. Famous and fashionable 16th-century country hotel, presenting English fare at its best—and there is nothing better. Their cellars contain over 50 château-bottled clarets so you know what to expect. Miss Williams reigns.

Monkey Island Hotel, Bray, Berkshire. Maidenhead 849. The owners do the work here. Patrick Gibbings is the *maitre chef de cuisine* (a good one); Diana Gibbings looks after the rest, aided, it would appear, by a gay, courteous gang of enthusiastic friends; high quality in a happy-go-lucky atmosphere.

Olde Bell, Hurley, Berkshire. Hurley 244. Brian Muir directs for Denis Broek, who is *patron* of the Mirabelle in Mayfair and expects the same standards. Don't be in a hurry; it is a place to spend plenty of time (and money).

East Arms, Hurley, Berkshire. Hurley 280. Always a friendly welcome here from Mr. & Mrs. Mario Trapani. Mario was for 20 years in command of the catering at Harrods. Everybody goes to see him, not only for his company but for outstanding cuisine and a fine cellar, with far-famed *sommelier* Edmund Torquet guarding his bottles like gold.

White Hart, Sonning-on-Thames, Berkshire. Sonning 2277. Lovely location in a lovely village, with a beautiful garden leading down to the river. Excellent English fare, good wine list, and a genial welcome from John Evans and his sister, Mary—or Bill Shepherd, their indefatigable friend and manager. Bill and Bickerstaff were in the army together and it won't help you at all.

French Horn, Sonning-on-Thames, Berkshire. Sonning 2204. The other side of the bridge from the White Hart; another friendly hotel in a beautiful position with several *specialités de la maison* on their menu, many of them *flambé*.

Skindles, Maidenhead, Berkshire. Maidenhead 268. Skindles, in its day, was one of the most famous and fashionable of the river hotels. Taken over by that well-known hotelier and restaurateur, Giulio Trapani, with his son Arthur in powerful support, its day is returning. Wine, dine and snooze on the lawns afterwards as the Thames flows by.

IN LONDON

Charing Cross Hotel, Strand, W.C.2. TRA 7283. O.S. Architects and experts on design come a long way to see the redecorated and extended restaurant; first-class cuisine. Famed restaurateur Paul Lehrian in command of the whole hotel.

Kettner's, Romilly Street, W.1. GER 3437. O.S. It's been fashionable in Soho for nearly 100 years. M. Bonvin has maintained its reputation for the last 16.

Little Mayfair, 7 Down Street, Piccadilly, W.1. MAY 1853. An unusual pub—it's residential with comfortable bedrooms; has a snack bar and a restaurant; specializes in grills at the right price, wine by the glass. Decorated with models of vintage cars made by the proprietor, N. S. Webb-Jones.

Mirabelle, 56 Curzon Street, W.1. GRO 4636. C.S. One of Europe's smart restaurants. Be smart yourself and check your bank balance before you invite your friends.

Simpson's, 100 Strand, W.C.2. TEM 7131. C.S. Fine fare from the trolley, world-famous for its roasts.

Verrey's, 233 Regent Street, W.1. REG 4495. C.S. Continental cuisine, useful bars, bedlam at lunchtime. Comfort, with smooth and personal service, in the evenings.

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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

How to see Greece

by DOONE BEAL

YOU CAN'T see Greece in an average holiday, and I cannot cover a whole three-week trip in one short article. So this week I am summarizing the main methods of seeing the country, and next week I shall cover in detail one of the cruises.

One of the more remarkable things about Greece is precisely the ease of communication between you and the Musts, by whatever method you choose. Daily the Pullman coaches draw up outside the hotels in Athens, to be boarded by camera-slung tourists on what amounts to a pilgrimage of adult education. The guides are particularly good and, apart from the set-piece lectures delivered at the appropriate points, are able and willing to answer half-educated questions of the type which one might not, in any other circumstances, dare to pose. There are

20 different excursions, some by coach, some by Olympic Airways, all offered by the C.I.A.T. Agency, varying from a half-day to five-day marathons. Price of a five-day tour, for full board and first-class hotel accommodation, is around £20.

But beware of being over-zealous. Though it is technically possible, for example, to see Delphi in a day, I do not recommend it. Only by taking more time can one combine the relevant information with the opportunity to "take the place in" in the true sense of the phrase, and resolve the perpetual dilemma of whether to look or listen. The dilemma is complicated, not so much by the guide, as by one's fellow excursionists—as for example the comment which floated through the faultless acoustics of the theatre at Epidaurus: "I always manage mine by netting it up in bobby pins."

Trains within Greece are all

postwar, with frequent services. The strictly local buses (Pullman coaches run only on the guided excursions) are true bone-shakers, but they have the appeal that one can sit and ruminate amid a chatter of unintelligible language and is spared the perpetual reminder of being a tourist just like everybody else. Self-drive cars can be rented from £1 15s., plus 6d. a kilometre, and these rates drop over and above a period of seven days.

Cruising by yacht is a more flexible alternative to the organized five-day type, and charters can be arranged through Marine Corner, in Piraeus. They range from local *kaiks* (one shower and no hot water), through schooners with auxiliary motor to straightforward motor-cruisers. As an example, a schooner to accommodate six people during July and August would cost £33 a day, including fuel, insurance and a crew of three. In other months there is a 15 per cent drop.

Far less expensive, and still allowing what one might call free-lance travel, are the boats which leave Piraeus each evening for various of the islands. But through July and August you will have to lay plans ahead for a bed of any kind if you want to stay over. In this respect the Tourist Office at 4 Venezoulou, Athens, will help you.

Travel Agencies in association

with Olympic Airways offer, for only £10 more than the tourist return from London to Athens, a 14-day tour which is *not* organized. It allows a week in Athens (any additional excursions therefrom are up to you), with the alternative of two restaurants in which to dine, apart from your hotel. The second week can be spent at any one of five places, which include the charming seaside town of Nauplia (an old Venetian settlement) and the island of Hydra—full board, of course, included. In Athens itself, accommodation is at either the El Greco or the Alpha, both new hotels.

Olympic Airways' low-priced domestic network links Athens with the islands of Rhodes, Crete, Corfu and Mytilene, most journeys taking about one and a half hours, fares an average of £8 return. Their flight from London (£100 13s. tourist return, £133 first class) is, incidentally, one of the more sybaritic: the day someone compiles a gastronomic guide to the air, they should surely figure high.

Inevitably, you leave Greece with the feeling that much has been left unseen and undone. And yet, it seems preferable to see a little thoroughly rather than to spread more too thinly. More than most countries, it repays intensity rather than area of coverage.

Far and away

... the finest gloves for all occasions are made from Pittard's Guaranteed Washable Leathers. A large range of styles and colours by leading glove manufacturers are available for your choice, but insist that the Pittard guarantee of washability is attached!



Pittard's
C. W. PITTARD & CO. LTD., YEOVIL



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WEDDINGS

ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer

Miss Eleanor J. P. Yates to Mr. Christopher J. Baxter. *She is the daughter of Mr. J. I. Yates, Butlers Farm, Beenham, Berks, & Mrs. P. Simpson, of Johannesburg. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Baxter, Bridge House, Lechlade, Glos*



Yevonde

Miss Gillian J. Saville-Wood to Dr. M. A. C. Lyon. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Saville-Wood, Steppes-Hill, Langton Matravers, Dorset. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. V. H. Lyon, Collierswood, Ardleigh, Essex*



Miss Ursula H. Luck to the Hon. Charles E. Kitchener. *She is the daughter of the late Capt. C. M. and of Mrs. Luck, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1. He is the son of the late Capt. Viscount Broome, R.N., and of Viscountess Broome, Elm Park Road, S.W.3*



Yevonde

Miss Margaret E. Turner to Mr. Anthony A. R. Cobbold. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. C. Turner, Girton Corner, Cambridge. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Cobbold, Farlingaye, Stert, Wilts*



Scott-Barber: Miss Fiona Patricia Scott, eldest daughter of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. T. P. D. Scott, Mullaghmore House, Omagh, Northern Ireland, married Mr. J. Millar Barber, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Richard Barber, Clevedon, Dunfermline, Fife, at the garrison church, Fulwood Barracks, Preston



Brock-Vanstone: Miss Mary Rose Brock, daughter of Sir Russell & Lady Brock, Old Rectory House, Church Road, S.W.19, married Mr. Keith Vanstone, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Vanstone, Manor Drive North, New Maldon, Surrey, at St. Mary's, Wimbledon



Mitchell-Worsley: Miss Sarah Anne Mitchell, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. J. A. H. Mitchell, British Embassy, Paris, married Lt.-Col. Richard E. Worsley, Rifle Brigade, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. H. K. Worsley of Grey Abbey and Ballycastle, N. Ireland, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Hickey-Edgecombe: Miss Rose B. Hickey, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. Hickey, M.C., & Mrs. Hickey, Streatley-on-Thames, Berks, and Kilkee, Co. Clare, married Capt. Greville J. B. Edgecombe, son of Mr. R. Edgecombe, C.B.E., & Mrs. Edgecombe, Corfton Road, W.5, at Brompton Oratory



Hayes-Bradford: Miss Sarah M. M. Hayes, daughter of Brig. H. A. Hayes, D.S.O., C.B.E., Watchfield, Berks, & Mrs. K. Murray, Twyford, Berks, married Mr. Anthony J. Bradford, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Bradford, Merrow Farm, Dunsfold, Surrey, at St. James's, Spanish Place

ITALIAN READY-TO-WEAR

This is the season of Italian renaissance . . . the season we bring you our Italian story. Here are three from our exclusive collection of triumphantly feminine clothes designed just for us by Fanucchi and De Fornari of Rome . . . made up in our own Wigmore Street workrooms, many in the original Italian fabrics and offered to you at particularly modest prices . . . some for as little as 18½ gns.



We show three examples from the Collection

Above. 'Primavera'. An elegant dress in a heavy slub-rayon mixture. By De Fornari, who drapes the bodice into a tiny waist and slimming skirt. With it a jacket (not illustrated), the neckline cut to simulate revers. Black, navy, dark olive green and the new light spring green.

Hips 36 to 42 **26½** gns. Hips 44 to order.

Left. 'Athenium'. A draped gown by Fanucchi for the afternoon. Pure silk chiffon in a variety of beautiful prints including a wonderful shade of blue and the new Parisian red. Also in navy/white or black/white.

Hip sizes 36 to 42 **39½** gns. Hips 44 **40½** gns.

Right. 'Garden Party'. By Fanucchi, a bouffant swirl of printed nylon over taffeta. Flower posies on a white ground, or shades of soft blue and rose.

Hips 36 to 40 **25½** gns.

Also in green and Italian pink, pure silk. Hips 36 to 40 **39½** gns.

with the **Debenham** touch

P. C. Palmer



THE ALDERSHOT SHOW

Scottish touch at Aldershot for Princess Margaret, who was piped to lunch (*right*) by Pipe-Sergeant D. W. Aitken of the Royal Highland Fusiliers. She arrived earlier (*top*) in a four-in-hand coach driven by Major G. Boon of the R.A.S.C. Personalities at the show: The Duke of Wellington (*above, left*) with Brig. G. Rimbault, Deputy Commander of the Aldershot District and a member of the Directing Committee. *Centre*: Col. & Mrs. W. B. Purnell



Scotland's social fortnight

SOCIAL DIARY

BY MURIEL BOWEN

For the first time at Holyroodhouse this year the social functions during the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland followed the pattern of the "meet the people" luncheons at Buckingham Palace. The banquets and luncheons, more representative of Scottish life, had industrialists, doctors, lawyers and educators as guests in greater profusion than before; the purely social names were fewer. The change was understood, though not entirely welcomed.

I watched the Lord High Commissioner, the **Earl of Wemyss** (home from the rigours of the débutante season in London where his daughter Lady Elizabeth Charteris comes out this year), arrive in procession to open the Assembly, held in the Assembly House, a dark-oak-beamed building with green leather seats reminiscent of the House of Commons. He wore a kilt of Wemyss tartan and with a black jacket and waistcoat. This contrasted strikingly with the garb of the Moderator, **Dr. R. H. W. Shepherd**, who had a black and purple soutane with frilly lace cuffs. The Assembly has been called the nearest approach to a Scottish parliament, and there was a lively debate about policy in Central Africa, where the Church of Scotland has a mission. Lord Wemyss

(one time Colonial Office official in Basutoland) and **Dr. Shepherd** (a missionary just home for his year of office) had exchanges in the Sesuto and Bantu tongues.

At the Palace of Holyroodhouse Lord & Lady Wemyss had a constantly changing house party for the two weeks of the Assembly, a spate of luncheons, four banquets, and a garden party for 6,000. **Mr. R. A. Butler**, the Home Secretary, who can count a Moderator among his ancestors, spent a weekend at the palace and then went on to stay with his cousin, **Sir Alick Buchanan-Smith**. **Mr. John Betjeman** and **Capt. Guy & Lady Violet Benson** were others in the house party.

Guests at the banquets dined in the Picture Gallery, a dark room brightened with silver entrée dishes of bright yellow and blue flowers stretching right down the long table. There was the Lord Provost, **Sir Ian Johnson-Gilbert** & his wife, **Sir James Learmonth**, Professor of Surgery at Edinburgh University, & Lady Learmonth, the Lord Advocate **Mr. William Milligan** & his wife, **Mr. James Dandie**, who is President of the Law Society, **Mrs. M. E. Campbell** (sister of Dame Florence Horsbrugh, M.P.), **Lord & Lady Carmont**, **Rev. Dr. Louis Cameron**, Head of the Church of

continued overleaf

Scotland Home Missions, and **Sir Thomas Innes of Learney** & Lady Lucy Innes.

As Lord Lyon King of Arms, white-moustached Sir Thomas is a powerful figure. "He can fine you £100 (Scottish ones) for flying the wrong flag over your castle," a Scottish girl confided in me.

Luncheon guests were entertained in the Household Dining Room, a pale green and cream Adam room. **Sir James McNeill** (director of John Brown, builders of the Queen Elizabeth) & Lady McNeill came one day, and others were the Earl & Countess of Minto, the Earl & Countess of Dalkeith, the Commissioner for the West Indies & Mrs. Garnet Gordon, **Sir Walter Mercer**, the surgeon, & Lady Mercer, and **Mr. William MacTaggart**, President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The garden party on the Palace lawns was the social climax. Two Maids of Honour, **Miss Elizabeth Carnegie** and **Miss Cleodie Macdonald** (she teaches English at Oxford's School of Citizenship) introduced guests to Lady Wemyss, who must have shaken upwards of 1,000 hands. Round Lord Wemyss I noticed the **Hon. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry** and **Lord Kilbrandon**, newest of the Scottish Law Lords—he's so new that the invitation went to "James Shaw, Esq., q.c." Dr. Shepherd, the Moderator, was introducing his brother, the **Rev. Dr. Peter Shepherd**. "You wouldn't think it," he quipped, "but we lay in the same cradle." They're twins—but one looks older.

SKI-ING—"WHY GO ABROAD?"

In the South, too, the Scots were making themselves felt socially last week. At the Ski Club of Great Britain Ball at Grosvenor House they sat in the best places at the top table. And the **Hon. John Maclay**, the Secretary of State for Scotland, went in among the guests to proclaim the proposition that for their next ski trip they should pack their bags and head north. "Every weekend right up to the beginning of May," said the persuasive Mr. Maclay, "people have been pouring out of our great Scottish towns into the countryside for a day's ski-ing." **Mr. W. Ross Maclean, q.c.**, radiated bonhomie; he is the President of the Scottish Ski Club.

Ski-ing in Scotland is recent and promising. Ski lifts are being built, and little resorts are mushrooming in the Highlands as the Scots discover that their snow can make money. Scotland's snow doesn't provide the long runs of Switzerland or Norway, but even so Air Chief Marshal the **Hon. Sir Ralph Cochrane** predicted the day when "Viscounts from London and Birmingham will fly skiers from the South to Scotland for week-end sport." Sir Ralph is President of the Ski Club of Great Britain.

CIRENCESTER CELEBRATES

One of the most fascinating colleges in Britain is the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, which has been having a festive week including a May Ball and the opening of a new Assembly Hall by Mr. "Shakes" **Morrison**, the Speaker of the House of Commons who is also the local M.P. The college has a waiting list to get in, and the students—who include the **Marquess of Hamilton** (brother of Princess Alexandra's lady-in-waiting

continued on page 520



Miss Stephanie Todd, daughter of Mrs. H. G. V. Greer, with Mr. Tiggy Birkbeck

PHOTOGRAPHS:
DESMOND
O'NEILL



Miss Margaret Hope, Lady Diana Douglas-Home, Mr. Malcolm Burr & Mr. George Hope

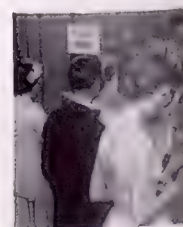


Miss Kirstie Mackenzie with the Hon. John Jolliffe. Above, right: Miss Doriel Butler with Mr. Clive Muncaster, younger son of the painter Mr. Claude Muncaster. Mrs. Bertram Butler & Mrs. Colin Mackenzie gave the dance for their daughters

A milk bar was an unexpected and popular innovation at two

Coming-out dances

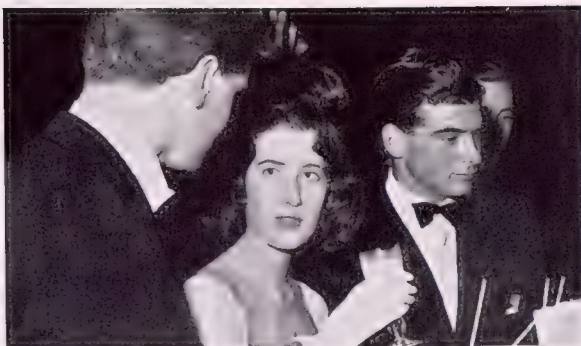
held in London . . .



1. FOR MISS DORIEL BUTLER & MISS KIRSTIE MACKENZIE (THIS PAGE) AT THE DORCHESTER



Mr. Angus Menzies & the Maharanee of Jaipur



Mr. Mark Allsopp, Miss Susan McKenzie & Mr. Anthony Mayhew at the milk bar



Mr. Douglas Fairbanks & Lady Isabel Throckmorton



Lady Edith Foxwell & the Maharajah of Jaipur



Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy hugs her father, watched by her mother and godmother, Princess Djordjadze (left), who gave the dance



Miss Elisabeth-Ann Powell (centre) & Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker with her stepfather, Mr. William Chippindall-Higgin

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

2. FOR MISS KERRY-JANE OGILVY, DAUGHTER OF MRS. FRANCIS OGILVY, AT QUAGLINO'S



Lewis Morley

Fleur Cowles and (right) the subject of her new book, Salvador Dali, taken during his London visit. See "The Floral Round" for Miss Cowles's latest activity



Van Hallan



At the Conan Doyle centenary dinner: Mr. R. L. Jackson, Assistant Commissioner at New Scotland Yard, with Mr. Guy Puckle and Mr. Hugh Smyth. Right: The guest of honour, Group Officer Jean Conan Doyle, daughter of the author, with Professor Pierre Weil-Norden, from Tunis

SOCIAL DIARY continued

Lady Moyra Hamilton), **Viscount Reidhaven**, **Lord Masham** and the **Earl of Altamont**—are mostly men who have inherited estates or expect to do so. There are also those who will help to manage other people's estates, like the Evans brothers, **Mr. M. S. C. Evans** and **Mr. S. T. E. Evans** (whose father manages the Duke of Norfolk's estate), and **Mr. C. Burges-Lumsden**, an Old Gordonstoun boy who is going to Balmoral.

The principal, **Mr. F. H. Garner**, said: "Since last year we've been getting a lot of retired army men, too. Chaps past 40, many of them. They're mainly responsible for the waiting list."

The students turned out in force for the May Ball and there was also a happy leavening from "the past," making 900 in all. They found the college transformed from its usual workaday self. Welcoming spotlights shone on the Gothic building. There were red rugs in the stone-flagged hall and arrangements of pink carnations, white lilac and mauve sweet peas on white Corinthian columns.

But agriculture wasn't forgotten. "Beef is best because the future lies with home-raised beef," pronounced **Mr. P. J. D. O'Regan**, president of the Union Club which organized the ball. He is the son of a Harley Street doctor. In the college dining

hall, however, chefs with high hats were serving not beef but salmon, cold chicken, ham and salad from enormous platters. And there was such a crush that even **Mr. W. S. B. Sellick**, the rugger champion, headed elsewhere with his well-filled plate.

Secretary of this imaginative ball was **Mr. Bill Martin**, who is shortly to be married to **Miss Jennifer Westenbury**. Present during some of the celebrations were **Col. W. A. Chester-Master**, chairman of the Board of Governors, & **Mrs. Chester-Master**, **Lady Apsley**, the **Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn** and **Mr. & Mrs. Guy Chipperfield**.

THE FLORAL ROUND

It was a week for flowers . . . fresh at the Floral Lunch at the Savoy . . . on canvas at Fleur Cowles's exhibition at the Arthur Jeffress Galleries . . . by the armful at the Chelsea Flower Show. The **Marchioness of Salisbury** received the guests at the Floral Lunch (a benefit for the Forces' Help Society and Lord Roberts' Workshops), held at the Savoy. This was its first year but the lunch promises to blossom into an annual event dominated by young marrieds.

"Older people are still the keenest gardeners but young married women are taking the greatest interest in developing floral arrangement as an art," said **Miss Julia Clements**, the flower writer.

Three hundred green-fingered enthusiasts sat down to the lunch, the culmination of a national competition in flower arranging. The **Hon. David Bowes-Lyon** was there and so too were **Viscountess Buckmaster**, the **Hon. Dr. Laura McConnell**, **Field-Marshal Lord Harding** ("I'm a herbaceous man—I look after the herbaceous borders"), **Mary Duchess of Roxburghe** and **Lady Marks**. The **Marquess of Salisbury** (when I said "monocled Lord Salisbury" the other week, that was a misprint for **Lord Soulbury**) laughed so much that he hardly had a bite to eat. He sat between **Miss Cicely Courtneidge** and **Nancy Viscountess Astor**, and **Miss Courtneidge** had a grouse. "It's ridiculous all the interest that's taken in the age of people in my profession," she said defiantly, hands on her hips. "On my way here the taximan kept saying, 'I really don't know how you keep going, I really don't.'"

Miss Fleur Cowles, the American writer, hostess and diplomat (she was one of President Eisenhower's three "Special Ambassadors" representing the U.S. at the Coronation) had a show of flower paintings—her first—at a Davies Street gallery. Within 40 minutes 18 pictures had red tabs. **Miss Rebecca West** paid 35 gns. for one, **Mr. Jack Hawkins** 50 gns. for another, and **Lady Olivier** snapped up a very pretty one, *The Bouquet*, for 40 gns. And **Miss Cowles**—she took up painting four years ago and has never had a lesson—said she felt "frankly staggered."

THEIR DEAR HOLMES

Back to the Savoy again for a splendid banquet in a candlelit room, where guests talked about the most famous detective of them all, **Sherlock Holmes**. They (including 85-year-old **Mr. Arthur Wontner**, father of the Savoy's present chairman, complete with deerstalker) had gathered to celebrate the centenary of the birth of **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**. **Professor Pierre Weil-Norden** came all the way from Tunis to point out that though Conan Doyle had never lived in France, "he



Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., & Lady Meyer with their daughter, Tessa



The Queen with Princess Anne & Princess Margaret

A. V. Swaebe



Miss Virginia Booth-Jones on Enoch Arden, owned by her stepfather, which won the Champion Child's Pony prize



Miss Sarah Bullen with her two dogs, Bonzo & Goofa. She took part in the final judging of the Child's Pony class



Miss Susan Orsich, Miss Alicia Watson & Miss Philippa van Straubensee in a Prince Regent Trap during the meet of the British Driving Society

The Royal Windsor Horse Show

The Household Cavalry's Musical Ride

depicted the French with greater insight than any other British writer." This was an indication of the widespread interest kindled by the centenary.

Mr. James Holroyd, chairman of the Sherlock Holmes Society (his *Baker Street Byways* was published last week) introduced an interesting assortment of guests. There was Mr. Howard Haycroft of the New York Baker Street Irregulars. Those who hadn't come as far included Sir Paul Gore-Booth of the Foreign Office, & Lady Gore-Booth, physician Sir Russell Brain, Bt., and the Marquess & Marchioness of Donegall. Mr. R. L. Jackson, the Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, was asked by Lord Donegall why he hadn't yet found the Conan Doyle plaque stolen from outside the Criterion Restaurant a couple of summers ago.

The speeches were a mixture of reverence and expertise. The author's daughter, Group Officer Jean Conan Doyle ("My dear Watson," to her W.R.A.F. colleagues), spoke, and so did Sir Sydney Roberts, former Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Of Conan Doyle's versatility he said: "He once bowled out Dr. W. G. Grace and most men would have been content with that achievement alone."



Cross-Channel weekenders

Thousands flying on the air shuttle service from London crowded into the sunshine of Le Touquet to give the resort its busiest Whitsun for years

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL

1



2



3



4



LE TOUQUET FACES: 1. M. Flavio runs the leading bar; lobsters are a specialty of his restaurant which adjoins it. 2. M. E. Marco stands at the Casino entrance. His job, in compliance with French law, is to obtain the names of all who gamble there. 3. Captain T. Gunn, chief pilot for Morton Airways. 4. M. P. Abecassis, chairman of the company which runs the Casino, with his wife



Major & Mrs. Ivan Lynch setting off for the golf course



Mrs. John Henderson with Mrs. Tim Collins. Both are regular Whitsun visitors



Cocktail time for Miss Mary-Ann Murray and Mr. Philip De Laszlo



British visitors at the modern motel near the golf course are Mr. Roger Boissier and Mr. & Mrs. Martin Boissier who come from Derby



Mr. & Mrs. David Silver and their son Simon on the steps of the Westminster Hotel on their way to the beach



The Hon. John Coventry relaxes in the sun with an English newspaper. He has just returned from a trip to the West Indies



Conversation over evening coffee for four visitors from Ayrshire, Mr. Charles Sykes, Mrs. Hugh Walker, Mrs. Charles Sykes and (with his back to the camera) Mr. Hugh Walker

R. T. Lewis



SOUTH SEA ISLAND MAGIC — in the Mediterranean!



Erik Hesselberg aboard his yacht Tiki at Calvi

Napoleon's island, Corsica, has all the wildness,
remoteness and sunshine of Polynesia, says
LADY ROSE, who cites an expert witness

*The waterfront at Calvi,
on the west coast of
Corsica, a walled fortress
town. There is a beach
five miles long*

FEW OF US EVER OUTGROW THE SOUTH SEA island dream. One lies on a snow-white beach where there are no other bathers, and swims in an azure sea full of coral and many-coloured fish. . . . One wanders alone in flowering forests to pick wild fruit from the trees; the inhabitants, carefree and hospitable, entertain one with bewitching songs and well-cooked local delicacies.

For me, Corsica is the European substitute for that remote island, and that is why I decided to make it my home some seven years ago. The beaches, white and empty, stretch for miles along the wooded, rocky coasts; beneath the surface of the sea, blue all the year round, one can look down through a diving mask at fantastic coral formations and shoals of rainbow-tinted fish. One can camp on uninhabited shores and live off fish and sea-urchins and wild figs and prickly pears. Friendly Corsicans cook delicious meals on open fires and sing weird romantic songs to a haunting, insular music under the stars.

I am not the only one to be fascinated by this South Sea island likeness. Erik Hesselberg, of the Kon-Tiki expedition, is attracted to Corsica for just the same reasons, so he told me when I recently ran into him at Calvi on the rugged west coast. Ever since he crossed the Pacific on a balsa raft 11 years ago he has been haunted by memories of the Polynesian isles. Navigator and adventurer, this 44-year-old Norwegian is also, and above all, a painter—one who finds his inspiration in nature, and not merely in looking at it, but in living the simple, or what he calls the "natural" life.

"I wanted to settle in the Pacific," he explained, "but the climate and conditions destroy a white man in the long run. Look what happened to Gauguin! Tahiti killed him. So I chose Corsica. And I'm not disappointed. It has the same magical beauty as the South Sea islands, and then it provides just the amount of comfort I need." Red-haired, red-bearded, a giant of a man with dreaming blue eyes, this modern Viking sailed his own boat to Corsica. He had solved his main comfort-problem before leaving Norway, by designing and building his yacht, the Tiki, which houses him in a cosy three-roomed suite with a studio. A two-month voyage brought him from Oslo to Calvi;

as a prudent mariner he chose the overland route, via the Rhine and the Rhone.

But since his arrival in Corsica Hesselberg has spent much of his time at sea: coasting southwards past the spectacular crimson-and-violet granite cliffs and islets; sheltering at Girolata, a landlocked bay, where a dozen or so inhabitants, without even a road, lead a life of idyllic simplicity, fishing and tilling a few fields. "When I'm tired of the sea I set off for the interior, on foot, with a tent," he told me. "And then when I've seen enough of the country I turn my back on it and paint it."

He need fear no shortage of subjects. For Corsica has what the South Sea islands cannot offer: dramatic changes of scenery and climate. Between the voluptuous, sub-tropical coasts and the high mountains, snow-capped nine months of the year, lie a variety of landscapes, corresponding to as many latitudes: Nordic pine forests, grassy plateaux, beach and chestnut forests luxuriantly green, Mediterranean olive-groves, and then the scented *maquis* falling to the sea—a dense undergrowth of myrtle and arbutus, heath and rosemary and broom.

continued overleaf



Lady Rose, wife of Sir Francis Rose, Bt., the artist, writes under the name of Dorothy Carrington. She has published The Traveller's Eye, an anthology of English travel literature, and is finishing a book on Corsica (where she spends much of her time) to be called Hot Granite



R. T. Lewis

Spiralling road and winding wall of the citadel overlooking the harbour at Bonifacio, on Corsica's southernmost tip

SOUTH SEA ISLAND MAGIC *continued*

In large areas of the island one may fancy oneself to be an explorer. With a small, conservative-minded population and no industries, Corsica has remained under-developed. Happily so. It is one of the last pockets of western Europe where nature still runs wild; where one can walk all day without meeting a fellow being, and where one may be as amazed as Robinson Crusoe at the sight of a footprint on one's chosen beach. This is true of most of Corsica, most of the year. But there are also the old-fashioned, comfortable (and comforting) hotels, and the shops and restaurants and museums of the little towns: Ajaccio, where Napoleon was born; Bastia, a crumbling baroque Genoese stronghold. Surprisingly, few tourists visit them except in summer.

Summer in Corsica is the time for social pleasures. Visitors fill the seaside villages: Porto and Piana, set in a fabulous décor of red rocks; Propriano, a shining-white fishing port at the head of a vast, deserted gulf;

Bonifacio, medieval fortress built on a promontory; Porto Vecchio, Calvi and Ile Rousse, which has an authentic luxury hotel. Any of these, in summer, can give one a year's worth of informal but not unsophisticated amusement.

Calvi is the gayest. Another walled fortress town, it overlooks a stupendous bay, ringed by mountains, fringed with five miles of sandy beach and pine woods. The legendary Prince Youssoupov first discovered its possibilities in the twenties; today, his friend, the Caucasian dancer Tao Kereffoff, still runs a night-club in a former bishop's palace on the citadel. Here, in summer, he welcomes from dusk to dawn an international crowd of socialites, film stars and producers, off-duty intellectuals, Corsican shepherds and fishermen, and sailors from the seven seas. The beach, then, is a cosmopolitan playground, and the floating palace of Onassis is often to be seen outshining the humbler yachts at anchor in the harbour.

But from October till July Calvi is as abandoned as the rest of the island. No one comes to bask through the golden mid-winter days, when one can still bathe without any Spartan courage, or to marvel at the flowers that blaze up all over the *maquis* in early spring. Even now, Hesselberg's yacht is an unaccustomed sight among the little fishing boats crowded along the quay.

In its studio-cabin, decorated with Polynesian wood-carvings and the stylized statuettes he himself carved to pass the time on his historic voyage, he showed me his canvases: visionary glimpses of rock and sea, surging panoramas of the *maquis*. Though Hesselberg is a landscape painter, he is not one of those who slavishly copy nature. His is the first imaginative interpretation of the gorgeous Corsican scene, for up till now Corsica has been neglected by modern artists. Hesselberg knows he has tapped an unexploited source of inspiration, and he plans a long-term programme of work on the island. "When the tourists begin to arrive I shall simply move on to a quieter spot," he told me, "I shall set sail as soon as I see the first yacht putting into the bay."

Even in midsummer he will find a choice of lonely coves, as I hastened to assure him, where he can pursue unharassed his career as the Gauguin of Corsica. One will be able to play at living on a South Sea island here for many years to come. Or so I have always thought. And so thinks the navigator of the Kon-Tiki; and after all, he, if anyone, should know.

BRIGGS by Graham





Under the tail of the B.E.A. Viscount, the visitors gather on arrival in Moscow

Street scene in Moscow: a Jaguar car draws a crowd outside the Metropole Hotel



МОСКВА

Whatever the outcome of Geneva the summer of 1959 can show one example of East-West rapprochement: the opening of regular air services between London and Moscow. The inaugural flight by B.E.A. Viscount is recorded in these exclusive pictures. The passengers included M.P.s and journalists. They were received with hospitality by, among others, Marshal Zhigarev, who has since been to London where he has ordered British radar equipment



Tchaikovsky's nephew, 84-year-old Peter Davidov, shows exhibits to the visitors at the composer's house at Klin



The inevitable loaded table is shared by Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, wife of the chairman of B.E.A., Pavel Fedorovitch Zhigarev (Chief Marshal of Soviet Aviation and head of Aeroflot) and Mr. Henry Kerby, Russian-speaking M.P. for Arundel



Above: Russian-style advertisement hoarding



Left: Fur-coated Mrs. (Atalanta) Fairey, wife of aircraft-maker Richard Fairey, was one of the passengers



Alan Vines

VENTURE 1 Janet Green, who wrote the script of the current film success *Sapphire*, is to have a new play, *Matilda Shouted Fire*, presented by Henry Sherek this summer. The play, like the film, has a background of suspense. Miss Green, in private life Mrs. John McCormick and the mother of two sons, was an actress before turning scriptwriter-playwright. She is seen in the garden of her home at Gerrards Cross

VENTURE 2 Noël Coward, back to camera, conducts before the deserted auditorium of Barcelona's Gran Teatro del Liceo during rehearsals there for his first ballet, *London Morning*, to be danced by the Festival Ballet Company in a 10th anniversary performance at the Festival Hall on 14 July. The ballet, suggested to Coward by the company's director, Dr. Julian Braunsweig, and the artistic director, Anton Dolin, is based on contemporary London life, and is set outside Buckingham Palace

Mike Davis



Alan Vines



NEWS



VITAL Dr. Denys G. Melrose, the pioneer of the miracle heart-lung machine, has recently returned from Moscow where he controlled it during hole-in-heart operations performed there by a team of British specialists. The machine provides the blood with the necessary oxygen while the heart is stopped. It was developed over 10 years by Dr. Melrose with the unflagging support of the post-graduate medical school at Hammersmith Hospital and the Nuffield Foundation. Dr. Melrose is seen with his wife at their Putney home

PORTRAITS

VIRTUOSI Yehudi Menuhin and his sisters Yaltah (left) and Hephzibah will appear together for the first time in this country at the Bath Festival, which starts today. On 13 June the sisters will play Mozart's Concerto for two pianos in E flat (K.365) under their brother's direction. This family group was photographed during rehearsal at Lady Crosfield's Highgate home



Erich Auerbach



The new women of Cambridge

PHOTOGRAPHS:
MURT HUTTON

COMMENTARY BY
RONALD BLYTHE



They wear overalls more often than gowns, work in laboratories rather than at desks, study such esoteric subjects as crystallography and thermodynamics. These are scientists in the making . . .

IN THE FIRST PLACE, HOW WAS ONE TO DISCOVER them, these clever scientific girls who, like Miss Buss, were sure to be quite unlike us? Would they have that Jodrell Bank look, that extra inter-stellar something to set them apart from the Arts? They would be plain—that, one felt, was a certainty, for who could have looked closely at such things as thermodynamics and remained beautiful? But then one soon finds out that there aren't any plain girls in Cambridge; apparently it is something to do with the water, they all float on it in punts and turn into Didos. So there remained nothing for it but to journey to Newnham and Girton and New Hall, and beg those hushed places to produce their girl scientists. This they did, with grace and aplomb. The pleasant combination rooms were soon filled with them. Here were the women selected to read Medicine or for the Natural Sciences Tripos, at

what are probably the most splendidly equipped university laboratories in the world.

Their number is small in comparison with the number of girls reading for Arts, History or Language degrees, and the extremely specialized nature of their work lends them a certain exclusive quality—perhaps because science is the one subject which has no small talk. These undergraduates have the vocational, rather than the career, look. Their work is peculiarly exacting. The Natural Sciences Tripos, for which most of them are reading, is a massive grounding in physics, chemistry and mathematics. Later there is likely to be specialization in some particular branch and the field is enormous, and yearly becoming more and more so.

It was this sense of "apartness" which made the idea of discussing things with these students

continued overleaf

In her quiet room overlooking the Cam, physicist Ann Neville (*right*) talks to Ann Brimacombe, a pathologist. Both are at New Hall



REVISION: Physical science students Catherine Hawarth & Gohar Ebrahinzadeh (both at Girton) go over their work with Dr. H. D. Megaw, Fellow of Girton College & Director of Natural Sciences

The new women of Cambridge *continued*

DEPARTURE: Girton students set out in the morning on bicycles for the long ride into Cambridge



mildly formidable. For modern science has no laity, as it were; no amateurism. A girl who normally spends her day in a lab on the Downing Site, building a crystal-structure model to observe the arrangement of atoms (now I know where the Design Centre boys get their ideas), could surely have little to communicate to one whose sole contribution to science was a fearful smell in a noisy room when he was 15. But one forgets the human element. Are young scientists so remote, different, out of touch? Are they atheists or agnostics? Are they lopsided, culturally speaking, and without any interest in poetry and painting? Do they only play chess, and that with experts? As white-coated priestesses in embryo, do they stand apart from the general activities of university life? Of course not, and no wonder they looked at me with some alarm and bewilderment when I suggested that they might.

Just in case there should be some intractable hurdle barring a scientist from a full appreciation of the arts, the university authorities have created some tactful lectures under the heading "The Broader Outlook," in which the arts are presented in a way to appeal to the scientific mind. It is only fair to say that a similar course on science for the aesthetically unbalanced is available. "The Broader Outlook" lectures are remarkably popular.

The working day for the science undergraduate differs from that of the ordinary student because of the amount of practical laboratory experiments which have to be fitted in with the main lectures. The career prospects for a woman science graduate are substantial, both in variety and in number. Most of the girls get posts in industry, hospitals,



ATOMS: Ann Carr, a crystallographer at Girton, studies arrangements of atoms in crystals on a model at the Downing Site laboratory

ANALYSIS: *Right*, Physicists Margaret Scott & Joan Fitton work on an analysis in the Lensfield Laboratory

ATTENTION: *Far right*, Shireen Saleh & Winifred Peirce examine bacteria in the Zoology Laboratory. Miss Peirce is soon to join the research staff at the London Hospital

*continued
overleaf*





STUDY: In the garden of New Hall, latest and smallest of the women's colleges at Cambridge, and (left) in the library at Newnham. In the garden: Jill Mundy, Jacky Woolcock, Elizabeth McInnes & Margaret Anderson. In the library: chemistry student Marjorie Ashwell & June Downes who goes to Harvard soon



The new women of Cambridge

continued

BREAK between lectures. Penelope Stearn (biochemistry), Tessa Rudebeck (natural sciences) & Claire Martyn (botany) meet outside Newnham's Pfeiffer Building



COMMENTARY
concluded

schools or Government service. Vacancies at the university itself are less common—in fact rare—and promotion is notoriously slow even when such jobs can be obtained. For all that, there is tremendous competition among science graduates when a university post falls vacant. Few of the girls thought in what one might call “Harwell” terms.

These then are the “new women,” the eventual counterparts of C. P. Snow’s *New Men*. They are presumably nearer to an understanding of the 20th century than we are—they might even be said to be in control of it, as opposed to those of us who observe nuclear progress with fatalistic incomprehension. Though it was impossible to think in such terms when one was being swept around the charming *art nouveau*-Dutch precincts of Newnham, or being shown the honours at New Hall, a delightful early 19th century house still susurrating with the shades of female Darwins. And certainly one couldn’t be expected to worry about the fate of the world at Girton, where everything is so Gothic that compline or the 4.45 leaving for Darlington seem to be the only two things which could possibly happen.



MEALTIME: The journey back to Girton is long, so between lectures in Cambridge the girls eat at their own special restaurant—familiarily called *The Waiting Room*—off the King’s Parade. In the evening (left) students dine in Hall at Girton



TEA PARTY at home is still the preferred way to entertain friends. *From left:* Carol Deller (Newnham, medicine), Michael Holman (Caius, chemical engineering), June Downes (Newnham, medicine), Ann Wilkinson (Newnham, aeronautical engineering), John Foulds (King’s, medicine) & Brian McConnell (Caius, natural sciences)



VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

Theatre

It's kind of smoky in the Old South

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

THE PLAY:

Orpheus descending
Isa Miranda
Diane Cilento
Gary Cockrell

NOT all good dramatists can be described as good writers. Eugene O'Neill, for instance, became a big dramatist with a vocabulary so limited that he was reduced at a crisis, again and again, to pitifully inadequate exclamation marks. He was a big dramatist, all the same. Mr. Tennessee Williams is a most interesting one. He writes with his eyes and his ears, as an artist and a poet should, and the people he sees and hears come violently to life seething with passions which are usually vicious but sometimes intensely idealistic.

This is fine so far as it goes; but because he has not yet grown to full stature as an artist and a poet and has not gained complete control of the language he reports, his dramas seem never to break into a clear blaze. They are apt to move smokily across the stage, a dark, smouldering confusion shot through with dartings of authentic flame.

This is what happens in *Orpheus Descending* at the Royal Court Theatre. Clouds of smoke in the form of repetitive comment by irrelevant characters hang obscuringly between us and the story of a wandering guitar player who makes reluctant and disastrous surrender to a lonely and passionate storekeeper married to a dying, elderly sadist. The whole thing is at least half an hour too long; yet it remains something that really must be seen. It is, for all its wordiness, a remarkable attempt to give poetic validity to Mr. Williams's apparently growing conviction that the world is not a fit place for his heroes to live in.

If morally crippled, as was the hero of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, they will be helpless against the demands of venality and mendacity inherent in life. If innocent, like the hero of *Camino Real*, they will be tormented to death. And if they have been corrupted and have somehow shaken themselves free as the wandering guitar player has done, they can only remain free by avoiding all human contacts. If they do not they may be torn to pieces by bloodhounds.

This obviously is an obsession that might in time ruin Mr. Williams's talent for creating people who, however highly charged emotionally, audiences can accept as human. That time is not yet. Probably it never will come. An obsessive passion in a dramatist is likely to be shed as soon as he realizes that it is leading him to a dead end. Meanwhile it is going strong. The small Southern town into which the guitarist drifts is a pit of iniquity. Only the storekeeper who offers him a job retains a certain dignity, though she is haunted by the memory that her father was burned alive because he sold liquor to Negroes, and that she was jilted by her lover of those days and bought by a vindictive man years older than herself.

The sister of the lover, once an idealistic child, has since earned the right to be known as a "lewd vagrant." She flaunts her shame and makes a direct attack on the hero. He will have nothing to do with her, but the siege of the storekeeper is more difficult to withstand. He lets himself feel sorry for her. That is his undoing. Desire gradually overpowers revulsion, and the old taint of corruption reappears in him. He longs for the

freedom of a peculiar bird he has heard about—one which is the colour of the sky with wide, transparent wings that are invisible to hawks. "These little birds, they don't have no legs at all, and they live their whole lives on the wing, and they sleep on the wing and never light on this earth but one time when they die."

But he has legs and treads the unholy earth among women who compete for his favours, and the men jealous of his success are ready at any moment to dispense "justice" with switchblade knives. He would make his escape, but the storekeeper will not let him go. She has no love for him. She wants a child. When this happens it is too late. While she stands exulting in the knowledge that she is bearing a child after many barren years, her dying husband puts a bullet through her back, cries out that the stranger has murdered his wife, and the pack of dogs is after the modern Orpheus. Yet another hero of the Tennessee Williams theatre has found the world too hot to contain his yearnings for purity.

Mr. Tony Richardson directs the play with a warmly imaginative sympathy, though he might have cut more freely with obvious advantage. The need for cutting is unfortunately emphasized by the leading player. Miss Isa Miranda is an excellent Italian actress with but a poor feeling for English and while we always know what she is doing we sadly often have only the vaguest idea of what she is saying. Mr. Gary Cockrell is handsomely virile and impressive as the hapless victim of her charms, but Miss Diane Cilento might, I feel, give more edge to the nymphomaniac.



Robert Taylor, Fess Parker & Tina Louise in *The Hangman*, reviewed this week by Elspeth Grant

THE FILMS:

Lesson in love
Eva Dahlbeck
Gunnar
Bjornstrand
dr. Ingmar
Bergman

Pork Chop Hill
Gregory Peck
Harry Guardino
Rip Torn
dr. Lewis Milestone

The hangman
Robert Taylor
Tina Louise
Fess Parker
Mickey
Shaughnessy
Jack Lord
dr. Michael Curtiz

The day of the outlaw
Burl Ives
Robert Ryan
Tina Louise
dr. Andre de Toth

Cinema

Herr Ingmar shows he can smile

BY ELSPETH GRANT

WE HAVE SEEN the great Swedish director, Herr Ingmar Bergman, in a variety of moods—apocalyptic, admonitory, bleak and (or so it seemed to me in *Wild Strawberries*) compassionate—and now, in *Lesson In Love*, a film both astringent and tender about marriage, you can see him in his comedy mood.

A well-known gynaecologist (Herr Gunnar Bjornstrand), happily married for nearly 16 years to a charming wife (Frk. Eva Dahlbeck), has allowed himself to be drawn into an affair with an extremely importunate young woman. Wearying of her and her tantrums, as well he might, and feeling that at his age

peace and quiet are after all highly desirable, he sends his mistress packing and prepares to return to the bosom of his (he fondly believes) ever-loving family.

But his wife, bored with his behaviour, has taken a lover and is, in fact, just off to visit the fellow in Copenhagen. Shocked to the core, the gynaecologist, showing an unsuspected turn of speed, sets out in pursuit—and catches up with his unrepentant and defiant spouse on the train to Malmö.

Throughout the rest of the journey he is at pains to trap her in a web of reminiscence, and from the flash-backs, some bitter, some sweet and one positively uproarious, one is made to feel the love between them could never wholly evaporate. All the same, the wife is shrewd enough to let her husband sense that he must "win her all over again": the ruse by which he does so is not sporting but it is funny. Herr Bergman is still taking a "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" attitude to his characters—but this time he wears an indulgent smile. I found it a most refreshing film.

A war film—or, as I prefer to think, an anti-war film—*All Quiet On The Western Front*, put Mr. Lewis Milestone in the top flight of directors, in 1930. Another (surely?) anti-war film, *Pork Chop Hill*, proves that he is still way up there, in 1959. Nobody better than he can convey the confusion and the din of warfare, the ebb and flow of battle, and nobody can more poignantly strew the earth with the bodies of individuals now pitifully anonymous in death.

The succulently named sector from which the film takes its title is 70 miles from Panmunjom, where a peace treaty conference is dragging on as peace conferences tend to do. The hill is of no particular value to anybody, but it is held by Chinese Communists—so Mr. Gregory Peck, a lieutenant, is ordered to lead his company in an all-out assault upon it.

The cost is heavy, due to the sort of muddling that drives you mad, even though you're merely sitting there, looking at a film. As the U.S. infantrymen swarm up the hill, a U.S. searchlight battery turns night to day and enables the Chinese to pick them off as easily as possible. The searchlight chaps decently apologize—and the next minute (as far as one can gather) the poor infantrymen are being shelled by their own covering artillery. My sympathies are with the character who snarls: "That's a hell of a way to run a railroad!" This is a superbly made film—but awfully discouraging. I mean, it is unlikely to send anybody hot-foot in search of a recruiting sergeant.

Mr. Robert Taylor, looking suitably unfeeling, has the title role in *The Hangman*: don't be too alarmed, he isn't really a hangman at all—he's just a dogged Deputy U.S. Marshal, trying to round up a man (Mr. Jack Lord) wanted in connection with a hold-up and a killing.

The trail he follows leads him to the small Western town of North Creek, where Mr. Fess Parker is sheriff. Mr. Taylor spots Mr. Lord, an ex-cavalryman working as a teamster, and is pretty sure he's the man he's after, but with only a second-hand description to go on he needs somebody to identify him positively. Mr. Parker, the idlest sheriff ever you saw, jest isn't interested: he can't believe Mr. Lord is a criminal—he's such a popular guy.

Mr. Taylor, who has a cynical outlook on most things, offers an ex-girl-friend (Miss Tina Louise) of the wanted man 500 dollars to point him out. Mr. Parker says no nice girl would do it—and she doesn't, either. But Mr. Taylor worries through—and I can't understand why everybody was so mean to him because, darn it, he was only doing his bounden duty and, what's more, he was right all the time.

The Day Of The Outlaw tells, at what seems a very slow pace and almost interminable length, how Mr. Burl Ives, ex-cavalry-officer turned outlaw, and his bunch of desperadoes take over and terrorize a small mountain town—and how Mr. Robert Ryan nobly risks his life to lure them away from the place and lose them in the snow. Miss Tina Louise figures in this one, too—but not to any particular purpose.



Sidney Bechet — a wide gap in the New Orleans ranks

Records

Tribute to Bechet and his blues

BY GERALD LASCELLES

SIDNEY BECHET'S DEATH IN PARIS a few weeks ago filled me with sadness at the loss of a friend as well as a great jazzman. As the winner of one of the first Golden Discs to be presented in France, he was well known to fans throughout Europe for his formidable work as a leader and saxophonist fronting various traditional bands, notably those of Claude Luter and André Réweliotty in Paris. For many, too, he was the veteran New Orleans-born musician who worked with King Oliver, Clarence Williams, Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong in the twenties. Twice during this period he visited Europe, once with Josephine Baker and the *Revue Nègre*; subsequently his travels took him to Russia.

His famous recording group, the New Orleans Feetwarmers, was the outcome of his long association with that great trumpeter Tommy Ladnier. In 1938 the first of several memorable studio sessions by this group was supervised by critic Hugues Panassié, who tells many stories of the clash of temperaments between Sidney and Tommy. His 1940 session with his Big Four (Spanier on trumpet) was considered a classic of its type, and was closely followed by an outstanding Feetwarmers session which caught the group at its best. One of his most fabulous excursions into the blues idiom was made in company with Mezz Mezzrow in 1945 for King Jazz label. In 1946/47 his recording activities were redoubled for Blue Note, where some of his best music was preserved.

Starting as a clarinetist, he soon found that he could produce better sounds, both richer and louder, on the soprano saxophone. In later years he concentrated almost entirely on the latter; his pronounced vibrato was a hallmark of his style, adding fiery warmth to an already fully developed sense of melody. He shone through the most powerful ensemble, and dominated even the trumpet with his shouting instrumental voice. In 1949 he came to settle in Paris, visiting England intermittently, and regaled the cellars of Paris with his bouncing jazz.

His work may be traced directly to the hot intonation of clarinetist Johnny Dodds; he influenced Johnny Hodges most strongly, and to an equal extent many lesser musicians of the same school. I make no apology for dwelling on Bechet's past—he was above all a memorable personality and an important jazzman, whose death leaves a wide gap in the fast diminishing New Orleans ranks. In his last years he composed a ballet suite, "La Nuit et une Sorcière," which he recorded on London label. I have appended some suggested listening from his available work.

Fontana has produced another interesting series of EPs, devoted to the "Sounds of Jazz." I often think of EPs as the poor man's LP, but they have the added advantage that the selector can be exclusive in the

THE RECORDS:

Bechet/Mezzrow
Really the blues
L.P. Vogue
LAE12017

Bechet with Sammy
Price & his
blusicians
L.P. Vogue
LAE12037

Bechet and his
hot six
L.P. Vogue
LDE138

Sounds of jazz
Edmond Hal
E.P. Fontana
TFE17076

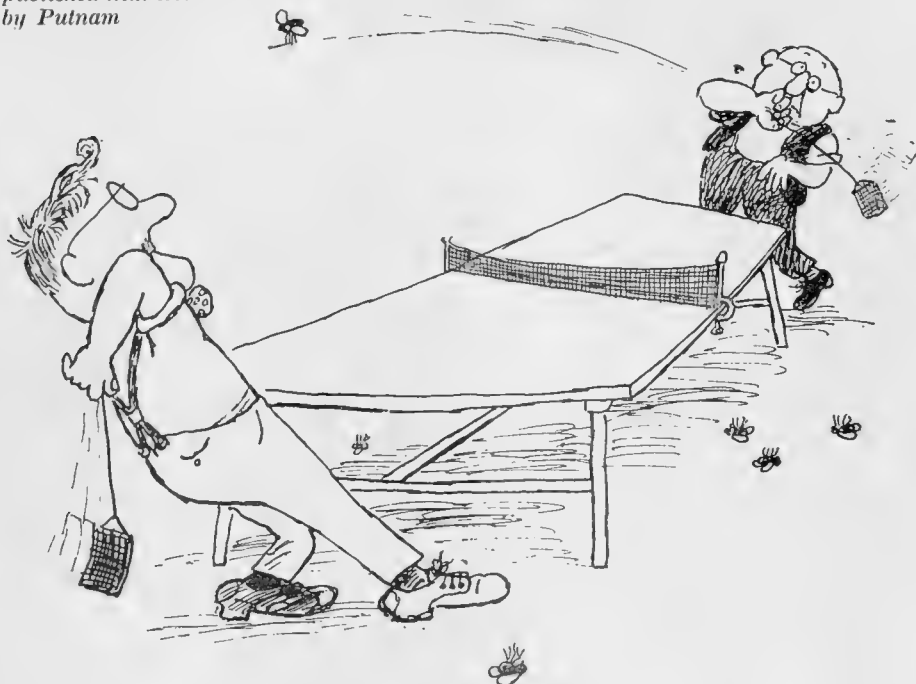
Duke Ellington
E.P. Fontana
TFE17117
Bud Freeman
E.P. Fontana
TFE17082



VERDICTS:
continued

choice of material to be used thereon. The new series is divided between reissues of the classic period (Armstrong 1929, Ellington 1928, Bud Freeman 1940) and more recent material (Basie 1946, Edmond Hall 1957, Ahmad Jamal 1958). Hall was formerly clarinetist with Armstrong's all-stars; his direct attack is the antithesis of Jamal's piano excursions, which hover between cocktail piano and something Garner didn't quite play! I must write more fully about this "new" pianist when space permits.

From *Ho Ho Hoffnung*, a new collection of Gerard Hoffnung's cartoons, to be published next week by Putnam


Books
**Panther in a
hatbox**

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

MY FAVOURITE BOOK of the week is something rare, unexpected; as strange and delectable as finding a pearl necklace in your cereal packet instead of a small knight in plastic armour. It is called *Beti*, and the author is Daphne Rooke. Bright and glittering, gentle and fierce, it is a sort of Indian fairy story that combines the dazzle of magical events with the calm facts of everyday life in a manner not much used since the publication date of the *Arabian Nights*.

It is about two young Indian girls, cousins, one gentle and good called Larki, one sinister, brilliant and corrupted, called *Beti*, who was stolen away when a child by a terrible conjuror and instructed in his skills. The story nips along at proper fairy tale speed, complete with jewels, riches beyond the dreams of avarice, a kidnapping, a ruined city, a brisk pony-loving English child called Sarah Pearson who loves to imagine herself as the gorgeous queen for whom the Taj Mahal was built, a cheetah, a monkey with one gold ear-ring, a narrow escape from living entombment, and an enchanting fairy prince in the person of a conjuring boy with a gift for disguises.

All the villains are horribly villainous, all the good people saintly, but not always bright. It creates a world as full of sharp images and shining colour as I always imagine must be seen out of a humming-bird's bright eye, and it takes a firm moral stand as any good fairy story should.

I was about to write that if you have a taste for this kind of book you will be bewitched, as I have been, by *Beti*—but on second thoughts it seems unique, all

on its own, odd and wonderful. It is no "this kind of book." It might make a magical film, provided one could find a mad maharajah, a pirate and a couple of spellbound princesses to put up the money.

The only thing this book lacks (fuss, fuss) is a dazzling jacket that gave some indication of the magic inside. Popping it into a blotting-paper pink wrapper fidgety with line-drawing and lettering seems to me like packaging a beautiful little panther into a dismal cardboard hatbox, unworthy and dangerously misleading.

Arturo's Island by Elsa Morante also creates a weird world of its own, this time a rocky, tormented Italian-Gothick one, full of great dead houses and extremely peculiar people. The setting is Procida, and the best part of the book seems to me to be the haunting, beautiful opening that describes that island and the strange, lonely childhood of the book's narrator, the boy Arturo, who lived in a house where women were forbidden until his mother died there at his birth and later his young peasant stepmother arrived.

The book describes, in detail that finally becomes oppressive, the boy's adoration of his strange, ambivalent father, and his feeling for his stepmother, with whom he falls in love. It is a long, sad, sometimes nightmarish novel that creates a tangible climate of its own, but all the same I think it would have benefited enormously by some severe pruning. The author has a genuine Ancient Mariner gift for buttonholing you with her stern, relentless obsession with her island and her characters, and there are a great many things about the book I admired enormously. At the same time I was aware of a guilty urge to wriggle off the hook and slip away in search of something that didn't loom quite so thunderously with mystery and tragedy. Isabel Quigly seems to me to have done a marvellous job on a translation that must have been difficult.

Briefly . . . Roger Longrigg, who gives all his novels titles which appal me owing to my neurotic dread of the telephone, has now come up with *Wrong Number*, all about a poor little don who writes a musical based on *Doctor Faustus* and falls into the clutches of a fearful set of rich, often intoxicated horrors. He also falls in and out of bed with amazing speed, escaping from chic Lady Lincoln (who looks like Nefertiti), only to take up immediately with a fey nightclub singer called Bambi. Mr. Longrigg is good at ghastly people and broken sentences in nasty smart code, and the whole book seemed to me almost extravagantly joyless—maybe just what the author intended. . .

I am in favour of John Godley, Lord Kilbracken, because he is such a beautiful and impoverished peer with the sensitive face of a saint who has just succeeded in selling his best bed of nails to the National Trust, and because he reckons that even a peer must slave away to keep the ancestral family home equipped with cows and fertilizers. *A Peer Behind The Curtain* clearly had to be written, if only for the title, and in fact turns out to be a jaunty, cheerful little volume about how the author went to Moscow for the *Daily Express*, thought up some jolly stunts such as marching in the Anniversary Parade, asked Krushchev whether he was thinking of visiting the moon, had trouble with the telephones, and got pushed off his pre-eminent position on the *Express* front page by the return of an American missile from outer space. If someone would think of providing this spry author with an assignment in which he was a serious (I don't want him solemn) proposition, not a gimmick, I should look out eagerly for the book that might come of it. . .

I should like to recommend two excellent paperback—Hilaire Belloc's engaging, digressive journey-book, *The Path To Rome*; and *Greece*, the only one I have read so far of an enchanting new series (originally produced, with wit, style and imagination, in France) on foreign countries; background books, not guides to museums and hotels. Other titles: *Italy*, *Germany* and *Israel* so far—I recommend buying the lot.

THE BOOKS:

Beti
by Daphne Rooke
(Gollancz, 13s.)

Arturo's island
by Elsa Morante
(Collins, 15s.)

Wrong number
by Roger Longrigg
(Faber, 15s.)

A peer behind the curtain
by Lord Kilbracken
(Gollancz, 18s.)

The path to Rome
by Hilaire Belloc
(Penguin, 3s. 6d.)

Greece
(Vista Books, 6s.)



The green oasis shown in these pictures was created in built-up Pimlico by landscape garden specialist John Cadlington. He has achieved wide foliage contrast in a small area by massing irises with hostas, and rheum with gold cut-leaved elder. The garden, screened from view by houses, is off Ebury Bridge Road, through an arch

PICTURES ON THIS PAGE: MICHEL MOLINARE



This lush green look—it's easy to come by in the country. But now more people are striving after it

IN A TOWN GARDEN

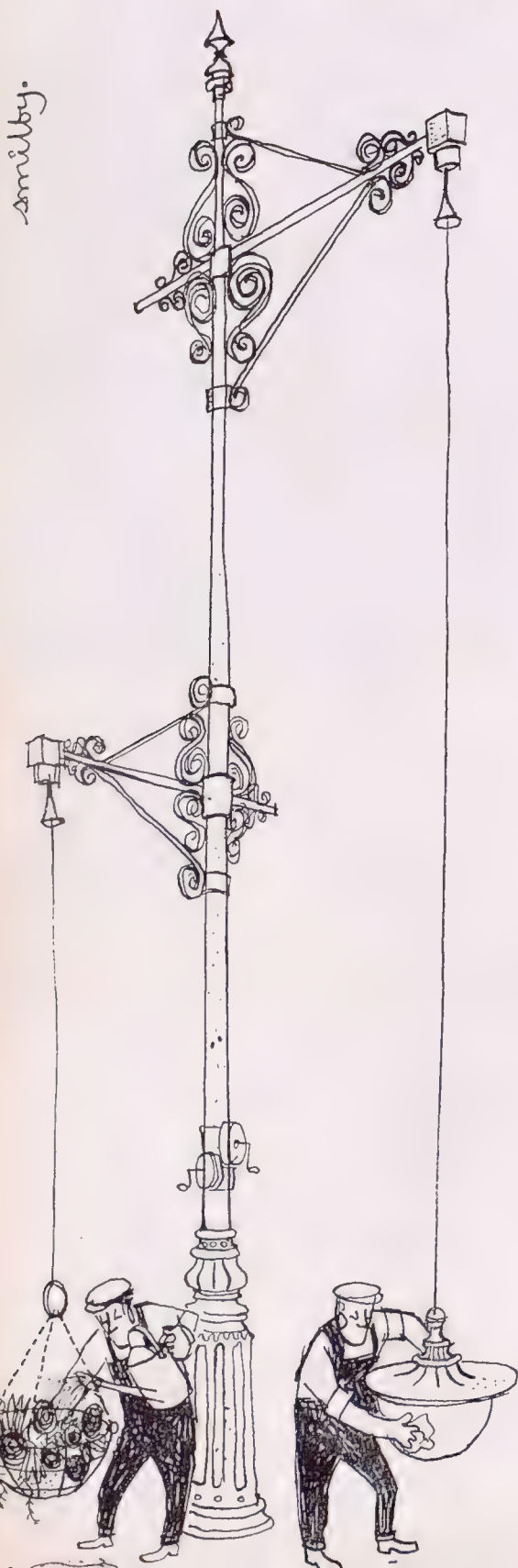
For the Rent Act is making it more worth while for young marrieds to buy (and convert) a house in London rather than rent a flat. Just how green your patch can grow is illustrated here and on the next pages, along with advice (*overleaf*) for recruits to this back-to-the-land movement—and (for want of silver bells, &c.) pretty maids all in a row

For aspiring garden-cultivators in built-up London

a GARDEN CONSULTANT answers

questions from Maureen Williamson, who hoes in S.W.5 . . .

How does my garden grow?



Q *Is it possible to have a satisfactory garden on any plot in Central London?*

A: Certainly—as long as you are prepared to give it enough time, money and patience.

Q *How should I start from scratch with a rectangular patch, say 60 ft. by 25 ft.?*

A: With a small area it is far better to have it paved, leaving space for flower beds of course. Small lawns which necessarily must get a lot of wear need constant attention and dressings, and are difficult to mow. The cost of laying paving is about £2 per square yard.

Q *What will or won't grow in the flower beds?*

A: Given a good depth of carefully balanced soil there is every chance that you will be able to grow practically everything you wish. But remember, plants are capricious and you will find that a species which does wonderfully in a friend's garden down the road may prove sickly in your garden which has a different amount of light and shade—or perhaps the roots from a neighbour's trees take too much goodness from your soil. Trial and error can be your only guide.

Q *How in the middle of London do I set about getting enough good soil?*

A: There are soil specialists, like Rassells in the Earls Court Road, who will deliver as much earth—a balanced mixture of peat and hop manure—as you need. The price of top-quality compost soil is £6 per cubic yard.

Q *How long will this earth last?*

A: Indefinitely, but it will of course need constant topping up from season to season and, throughout the summer, watering with liquid manure.

Q *Having got my garden paved and the good soil laid where do I go from there?*

A: The first problem in any London garden

is concealment. Cover the walls. Once the problem of creating a dense background of green has been achieved you are on your way.

Q *What do you suggest?*

A: Quick-growing creepers which will put up a good show for the first few years while the slow-growers are getting established. Ipomaea (Morning Glory), with its profusion of blue flowers, is one. Another is polygonum, the delight of any beginner, which in no time at all will rampage all over the walls forming such a thick curtain of green that it will need cutting back even in its first season. The common runner bean is also a good first-year makeshift. Buddleia is quick-growing and soon produces its thick spikes of purple flowers. However I have found that in a small garden it can soon get out of hand and take too much nourishment from the flower bed. Honeysuckle, jasmine, forsythia and many varieties of vines do well, and once established will reward you with a profusion of blossom year after year. Virginia creeper and wistaria both provide no problem in London. Wistaria, I am told by a house agent, will, with some 20 years' growth, put £500 on a house!

Q *What about roses?*

A: With care and attention they flourish in London. It is most important that they should be properly pruned each year and during the flowering season be regularly sprayed for greenfly and other pests.

Q *Do you mean to say one gets greenfly in London? Where on earth do they come from?*

A: Goodness knows. But there are, as you will find, plenty about. Probably because London greenery is hard to find they tend to concentrate in cohorts on what little there is. This spring I have already had to spray every three or four days. Slugs are another menace which must be destroyed with the appropriate insecticide.

Q *Any other pests?*

A: Birds, I am sorry to say, have to be discouraged, for the London sparrows make short work of the tender green shoots of climbers. The ravages of neighbours' cats, too, are a problem—and as one has no redress in law, however extensive the damage, it is purely a question of one's own ingenuity in keeping them out!

continued on page 543

... Pretty maids
all in a row

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN
EALES. WHO ALSO DID THE COVER



The Garden (above) is at St. Alban's Grove, the Kensington home of Sir John & Lady Paget, whose eldest son, two-year-old Richard, is shown in the cover picture (right).

The Gowns: Spectator Sports' pure silk print (above) of golden cabbage roses on a grass-green ground. The dress has a low back with a floating panel falling to the hem. Price 21½ gns. at Woollands, Knightsbridge; D'Arcy's, Chichester, & Agnes Cole, Stratford-on-Avon. Natural white straw hat with net brim by George Mallard at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Price: 14 gns.

Cover: Blue carnations on a pure silk suit with a straight jacket and loosely pleated skirt from Hardy Amies Ready-to-Wear collection at the Hardy Amies Boutique. Price: 32 gns. Organdie hat from Fortnum & Mason. **Left:** Fortnum & Mason's silk dress printed with a brilliant scarlet floral design. Fullness is gathered into large knife pleats and there is a broad belt. For the garden see page 545





HOW DOES MY GARDEN GROW?
continued from page 540

Q Would you advise planting trees in a smallish garden?

A: Provided they won't grow too large with spreading roots that devitalize your precious soil too quickly, yes. But *not* conifers. They definitely do not like London. Camellias, laburnums and tall-growing rhododendrons, hydrangeas, figs, lilac make a good show. Flowering cherry trees do splendidly, too. They can be planted when they are several years old, which is a joy in a newly started garden.

Q Can you give me any rough figures of total cost?

A: You can reckon that to pave, lay soil and perhaps have a flower pot or tub supplied for a garden of 60 ft. by 25 ft. will cost around £100. Add, say, another £50 for the cost of planting and buying the perennial climbers, rose trees, etc. But you must also allow for an annual outlay to keep the garden well stocked throughout the whole flowering period.

Q How much do you estimate for that?

A: If you intend to have a good display of spring bulbs which you will later replace by bedding plants you must reckon on £50 a year. That would include the cost of new dressing, of compost, fertilizers and insecticides.

Q How much time is such a garden going to require?

A: Almost as much as you can reasonably give. With a shallow depth of soil a London

continued on page 546



The Garden is in Edwardes Square, Kensington, the home of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Barry, where rhododendrons, clematis and flame-coloured azaleas cover the walls. **The Gowns:** The long sunlit passage (*opposite*) leading from the dining room of the house to the garden provides a background for a dress by Fanucci of Rome in printed silk with huge scarlet roses on a green ground. From Debenham & Freebody's Italian collection, price: 25½ gns. Wig hat of black goffered tulle from their model collection, price £17 19s. 6d. *Above:* Polly Peck's summer dance frock has a wide frill collar, a green velvet belt. At Chanelle, Knightsbridge; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; price: 13½ gns. The white pearlized calf shoes cost 6 gns. at Lotus, Bond Street. *Top:* Frank Usher's dress of peony red chiffon gathered from neck to waistline in broad knife pleats, belted and full-skirted. At Derry & Toms, Kensington, price: 12 gns. White pearlized calf shoes, 6 gns. from Lotus



The Garden is at the St. Alban's Grove home of Sir John Paget, Bt., & Lady Paget (shown also in colour on the cover and on page 541). The walls of the Paget garden are screened with roses, blending their colours with the wistaria and azaleas. In spring there is a wealth of tulips and cherry and apple blossom.

"Apples do well here," says Lady Paget.

"We harvest a good many."

The Gowns: Heavy rose-printed silk (*above, left*) makes the suit, sage green silk the *gilet* which is attached to the jacket and belted into the waist of this Arthur Banks model. At Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham and Southport; Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth; price: about 35 gns. Straw boater trimmed with green petersham by George Mallard and obtainable at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; price: about 12 gns.

Left: A gay cotton, high-waisted and full-skirted, printed with a blaze of pink and scarlet flowers. Obtainable in the Model Room from Marshall & Snelgrove's *Côte d'Azur* collection imported from the South of France, price 28½ gns.

In a town garden *continued*

The Garden (*opposite*) is in Adam & Eve Mews, Kensington, where artist John Spencer Churchill has converted a studio from a former stable block.

He has surrounded it with Virginia creeper, planted prunus trees and a flourishing 12-ft. rose camellia, adding a classical gazebo to gain the desired Italian effect (shown in colour on page 541).

The Gown: A Christian Dior—London dress of woven red and white flowered cotton which is worn with its own petticoats and has a low-cut back. Matching shoes and hat and the rose-tinted necklet are all from Christian Dior. Obtainable at Harrods, Knightsbridge; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh





HOW DOES MY GARDEN GROW? *continued from page 543*

garden takes far more watering than one in the country. Without question the finest London gardens are those which have the keenest owners.

Q *Isn't it possible to get a gardener for say one day a week just to keep things going?*

A: It is, but that would cost you £3 a day.

Q *How long does it take to get a garden really established?*

A: With care and attention at least three years, but with makeshift annuals you can have a good show your first summer.

Q *What would you suggest as the best bedding-out plants for summer?*

A: Undoubtedly geraniums, petunias and lobelia for effectiveness and the minimum of



maintenance. They will continue flowering until the first frosts.

Q *Can I buy all these plants easily?*

A: Yes, if you go to firms like the Garden Construction Co. Ltd., of Elystan Street, Chelsea, or Rassells. Both will give expert advice and information about suitable plants and shrubs.

Q *Any other advice about a London garden?*

A: Yes, it is heartbreaking to think of the number of London gardens that have been expensively laid out and stocked but which, through lack of care, have soon withered. The initial expenditure is only half the battle. One has only to be around Kensington's Edwardes and Pembroke Squares in the autumn to see how many distinguished owners of the Regency houses there work like beavers clearing, planting and tidying up for the spring. Do make up your mind that a successful garden in built-up London needs your constant attention.

A rooftop in bloom



The garden is on the roof of a large block of flats in Sloane Street where Mrs. Euphemia Salvona has her home. Her garden covers the entire roof area of the block and contains a goldfish pond and fountain, rose bushes and a vigorous vine from which she harvested more than 60 bunches of grapes last summer.

The gowns: Against a London skyline (opposite) dominated by Brompton Oratory and the Victoria & Albert Museum, Jacques Heim's dress in flame orange printed cotton. Price: 20 gns. at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Pearl and diamanté ear-rings from Paris House. Above: Model dress and jacket in nasturtium-printed white silk, price: £47 5s. The dress is sleeveless and the fullness at the back of the jacket is gathered into a yoke. From Fortnum & Mason who also have the swathed white net hat, price: £17 9s.



That young and carefree look —all at one counter

The recently opened Young & Gay department at Simpson, Piccadilly, provides a comprehensive coverage for all clothes (except knitwear). Clothes are happily gauged to the young outlook, both in variety and design. *Right:* From the range of "Togethers" a brilliant Boussac cotton cut on young lines for an overblouse and skirt in cotton dashing splashed with marine blue on white. The top, back-buttoning and with a widely curved neckline, partners an easy fall of skirt set on a wide waistband, £6 10s. Also from Simpson (but outside the department) come the important bead necklace, 6 gns., and the curving sunglasses, £3. *Footline: Below:* Italian white kid sandals with tiny "louis" heels cost £3 15s.





right: Brilliant scoop for casual wear from the Young & Gay collection, a loose hip-length overblouse vividly blossoming with Van Gogh-like sunflowers in orange and yellows on a white ground, £3 15s. (also in other colours). A streak of sunny yellow cotton jeans costs 3 gns. The sandals (*detail above*) are in saddle stitched white calf and cost 30s. Scene: The Spanish Garden (*opposite*) and the Tudor Garden (*right*) at Derry & Toms roof garden





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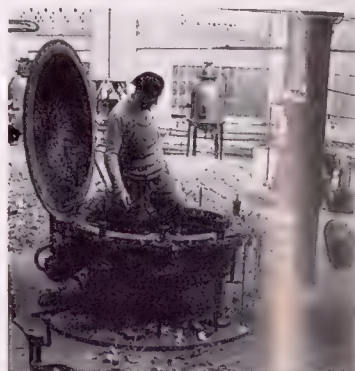
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Road sign at La Colle sur Loup. The roses for the Chiris factory come from this area. *Above right:* Orange blossom is raked before being packed into the batteries where the essence is extracted. *Right:* Violet leaves are packed into the batteries and stamped down. It takes three tons of them to produce the bottle of perfume held by M. Betti



Desmond O'Neil

BEAUTY

Birth of a perfume

by JEAN CLELAND

WHENEVER I SMELL THE SUBTLE, sophisticated fragrance of Lenthéric's new scent *Tiara*—available in this country at the end of June—I shall always imagine myself back again in the south of France, where I was one of a party of fashion and beauty journalists invited to the christening.

Highspot of the occasion was a visit to Grasse. Up in the mountains between Nice and Monte Carlo, it is the very heart of this specialized, scientific and most romantic industry.

The romance of it starts in the fields through which the road winds on its way up to the little village . . . fields where the flowers

that go to the making of the scent are grown. Not big tracts of land as might be imagined, but comparatively small plots belonging to the peasants who have had them in their families for generations. To them, the growing and gathering of the flowers—roses, jasmine, orange blossom, mimosa—is a labour of love, constant care, and a skill inherited from their forebears.

In addition to skill they must have the courage to face poor crops caused by bad weather, and the infinite patience to pick up the tiny blossoms, such as jasmine, before the day gets too hot.

continued on page 553

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BEAUTY

continued from page 550

From such humble beginnings springs the essence of the scents that add their touch of magic to elegant women all over the world.

We visited the famous factory of Antoine Chiris in Grasse which has belonged to the same family for almost 200 years.

In a huge hall with arched windows—fretted to keep the air fresh—we saw large quantities of morning-gathered orange blossom and violet leaves, spread out on the tiled floor. In the case of violets, it is the leaves that are used for the scent, and it takes 1,000 ounces of these to make one ounce of absolute essence. Something like 2,000 roses make only one gram of otto, which is worth nearly twice its weight in gold. Tuberose is one of the basic ingredients in *Tiara* and costs something like £1,000 for a pound.

These few items give you some idea of the enormous expense involved in making a perfume, yet they are only a very small part of it. Apart from the essential oils extracted from flowers and leaves, and the stems and roots of plants, there are the flavours which include all sorts of fruit, cocoa, coffee, vanilla beans, etc., the gums, resins and the animal aromatic products imported from all over the world. The Chiris factory distils and extracts orris roots from Italy, musk pods from Tibet, civet from Abyssinia and ambergris from the Baltic Sea. They also have their own plantations from which they receive geranium from Algeria, rose otto and rose concrete from Morocco, and lemon oil from West Africa.

Something of the enormous output can be gauged from the fact that they supply 60,000 products to the makers of scent in different parts of the world.

On our tour we frequently came across the white paper strips used for the purpose of smelling. This is one of the most vital functions in the industry, and the people who do it are called the noses. A good nose can tell if a product is correct and can, when highly trained, recognize up to 1,000 different smells.

Grouped round experts in the factory's large library—said to be one of the most comprehensive in the world—a number of questions were asked and answered. "Do women make as good noses as men?"

"No."

"Where is the best place to put scent?"

"In the crook of the arm, or under the knee where the skin is warm and the veins near the surface. Of the two, under the knee is better," said one of the experts, amid laughter, "because hot air rises."

"How many ingredients are contained in *Tiara*?"

"Seventy-three."

"How long did it take to create?"

"Eight years."

Eight long years of experimenting with what the industry calls the notes, which make the whole thing akin to music. One extra drop of essence and a note becomes too strong. One drop too little, and another is too weak.

"A creator of scent," said one of the directors, "is like the conductor of an orchestra, calling for a little more from the flutes, a little less from the oboes, more strength from the violins and less from the 'cellos, until at long last he gets the balance and ensemble that makes the melody he needs."

Back in London, the best wish I can send Lenthéric is that for all who have the pleasure of using *Tiara*, the melody will linger on.



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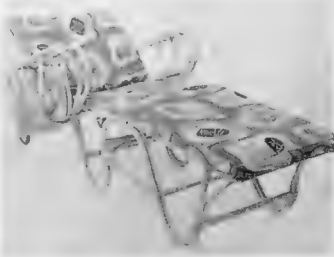
Italian ceramics make unusual decorations on garden walls or terraces. Peter Jones, Sloane Square, have a small selection in stock, but on the whole the ceramics have to be individually ordered. This one has a



background of blazing yellow with the three girls' heads in white outlined with Mediterranean blue. Price: 12 gns. Some of the ceramics are smaller and square-shaped, making them slightly less expensive.

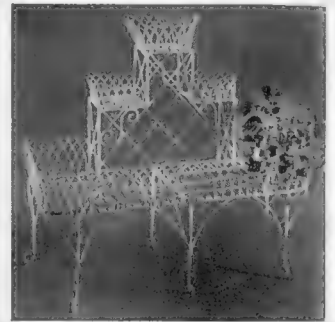
For weeding and cleaning-out the soil: Bering have added an improved model to their existing range of "Super" flame guns. Held in the hand it falls automatically into the correct position when in use, so that the gardener can remain in an upright position. In spite of a larger fuel tank and pump than in previous models, the flame gun only burns one gallon of paraffin an hour and is lighter in weight. This air pump flame gun can be bought with an attachable wheeled and hooded unit, which can concentrate the flame on a certain area, so that no harm comes to the surrounding shrubs, and work is done faster. Price: complete with hooded unit, £12 15s., hand pump alone £8 15s., hooded unit alone £4 7s. 6d. From Gamages, or to order through hardware stores or Bering Engineering, 59 Eden Street, Kingston.

Chaise-longue for elegant relaxation. In bamboo, it has removable castors for greater manoeuvrability. Slung from the wide arms, are pockets for magazines, etc. The latex cushions, here covered in a contemporary material, can be had in other patterns. From Maples, Tottenham Court Road, price: £39 19s. 6d.



Round table in white willow, from the collection of hand-made bamboo and cane garden furniture at Lord Roberts' Workshops, Brompton Road. Price £3 13s. (carriage 3s. extra). It comes to just above knee-level, although there are smaller sizes, and is light enough to move without difficulty round the garden or terrace. Lord Roberts' Workshops also undertake individual orders for particular designs of garden furniture.

Fragile flower stand in fine wirework (copied from an old design), price: 12 gns., comes from the Chintz Shop, 25 Walton Street, S.W.3, where there is an ever-changing selection of white wirework garden and terrace furniture. Some of the Chintz Shop's wirework furniture is old, and these designs can be copied to order. They also have modern wirework designs. An example of prices—flower stands from about £6 10s. and chairs from about 15 gns. (Ivy plant shown is from Harrods.)



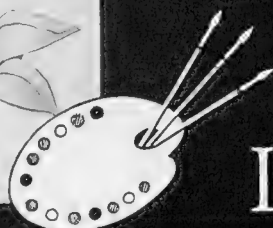
For decoration: The showrooms of Garden Crafts, 158 New Kings Road, S.W.6, have a wide range of antique and reproduction garden ornaments. They specialize in hand-made wrought iron and have their own forge not far away. For instance, an elaborate single six-foot gate would cost about £20. Designs and old pieces for the house are also available. They undertake repairs on damaged wrought-iron work, and will make bases for customers' pieces of marble. Their collection of stone and lead garden ornaments is large and varied—mostly classic in design—and can be made to order. A stone urn, fairly wide and deep, would cost about £4. Garden Crafts will also keep their eyes open at sales for any particular ornament requested, although it may be some time before it is found.



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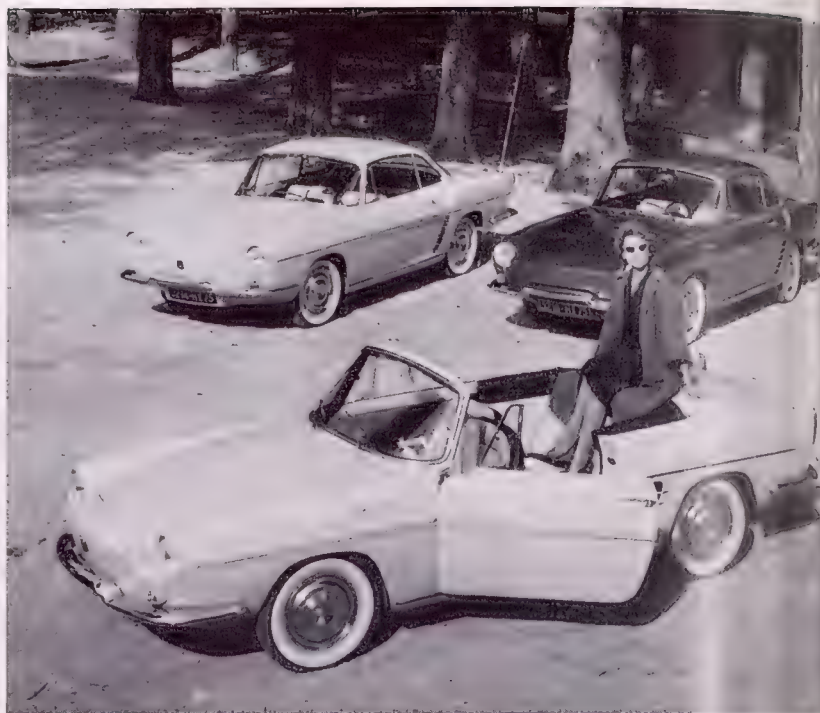
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Three versions of the Renault Floride. *Foreground: convertible, background: fixed-head coupé and convertible with hard top*

MOTORING

Florida in Brittany

by GORDON WILKINS

TO BRING CUSTOM-STYLED COACH-work within reach of a larger market, several manufacturers are now commissioning leading coachbuilders to design coupés and convertibles which can be built in quantity on the same floor structure, and using the same basic mechanical elements, as their popular saloon models. A most successful effort of this type was the Karmann-Ghia Volkswagen. Others from Germany are the Lloyd 600 Frua coupé and the Bertone NSU Prince coupé. In France, Renault decided to adopt the same principle with the Dauphine. Hence the Floride—exhibited at last year's London Motor Show in prototype form—which is now in production.

The difficulty with this kind of transformation is that the elegant coachbuilt body is usually longer than the standard job. Although it has only two seats, it has a more luxurious finish and equipment, it weighs more and therefore needs fairly extensive mechanical modification if it is even to reproduce the performance of the ordinary saloon model. The Karmann-Ghia Volkswagen, for example, has no more performance than the saloon, and is frankly not as fast as it looks. Renault's Floride (to be

called the Caravelle in the U.S.A.) is a foot longer than the Dauphine saloon and weighs about 285 lb. more. By using a different cylinder head with larger valves and higher compression ratio, a larger carburettor and different camshaft, the little 845 c.c. engine has been persuaded to give 40 b.h.p., which not only maintains the performance, but takes it well beyond that of the saloon.

I recently spent a few days trying the car in its various versions in Brittany and Normandy and found that it fully lives up to its looks. After making due allowance for the fact that both speed and distance recordings on the speedometer were rather optimistic, I found that with two up and luggage it was quite capable of averaging up to 60 m.p.h. on main road journeys, with a fuel consumption between 35 and 40 m.p.g. Maximum speed proved to be a timed 78 m.p.h. and in its general handling it is appreciably better than the saloon, which is saying quite a lot. There are three versions, a fixed-head coupé, a convertible, and convertible with removable hard top, which can be fitted in a few minutes and when in position, with winding windows and fixed quarter

continued on page 559

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MOTORING

continued from page 556

windows, is indistinguishable from the fixed-head version.

Its elegant lines will have a special appeal for women, who will probably be quite happy with the three-speed gearbox, especially as it can be had with the Ferlec electro-magnetic clutch. But the men, as well as the keen girls who go rallying, may prefer it with the optional four-speed gearbox, which gives over 50 m.p.h. in second and nearly 70 m.p.h. in third.

In France, this kind of elegant and luxuriously finished small car becomes involved, through no fault of its own, in a special problem of local manners and customs. Chief victim has been the Simca Sport, now known as the Océane and Plein Ciel, according to whether you choose the convertible or the coupé. As a pretty car with a brisk but not outstanding performance, it quickly became the conventional thing for the wealthy businessman to offer to his *petite amie*. But if a young man had one, uncharitable people dared to make assumptions and many serious Frenchmen have assured me that, although they would like to have one, they dare not face the raised eyebrows and implied questions!

It is then the business and social implications involved in a Frenchman's choice of car are a special study in themselves. I suspect that in the more robust atmosphere of the Fourth Republic these esoteric distinctions are tending to disappear. Certainly Renault are confident that the Floride will have an eager welcome from both sexes because of the Dauphine's established reputation in competitions. I understand there are already 12,000 orders from the United States and 200 people have placed orders in Britain without knowing the price, which will probably be between £1,100-£1,200 with duty and purchase tax.

For our stay in Brittany we

made our headquarters the Hosterie du Manoir at Le Rosier, Plerin, near St. Brieuc. It is on an unspoiled stretch of coast where one can enjoy quiet, good cooking, swimming, lazing on the beach or riding as a change from motoring. From here northwards and westwards there is an endless choice of picturesque harbours and historic villages. We went westwards, to Confort with its superb carved stone *calvaire*, to Locronon, with its 15th-century church and chapel in the square, surrounded by the old houses of the linen merchants.

To the Crozon peninsula, and the little port of Camaret where the British invaders suffered defeat in 1694 and the little old church on the harbour's edge has to be repaired constantly because the high seas break over it in the winter gales. To Audierne, where the harbour brings the gaily painted langouste, lobster and sardine boats deep into the town, and out on the long narrow road to the desolate Pointe du Raz where it was difficult to stand against the wind even on a sunny May day.

To Douarnenez, where there is particularly good sea food at La Caravelle overlooking the harbour, and to Quimper, where the juxtaposition of streets and waterways in a medieval setting brings Bruges to mind. On Sundays the scene is enlivened by the starched lace *coiffes* of the ladies, varying in design according to the district from which they come. On Sundays, too, the prudent driver treats male pedestrians with suspicion, for they drink quantities of the local cider, which can suddenly send the most rugged old fisherman reeling across the road, to subside with a strange weakness.

Farther north and eastwards, at Pont Neuf, a notable lunch of *homard américain*, *poulet à l'estragon* and *crêpes* was enjoyed in a place called the Lorand Barre.



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DINING IN

Getting rid of the hump

by HELEN BURKE

WHY A CUSTARD PIE or tart is regarded as a kind of cachet of good baking I have never understood, but from the letters which reach me I know that a great many cooks (young ones, at any rate) would dearly love to make one of which they could be proud.

There is no doubt that these pies or tarts can be disappointing, instead of arriving at table absolutely level, flecked with gold and deliciously set (like those that other used to make), they turn out with a hump of pastry in the centre and little filling, because most of it has been tipped out, as were, into the oven. If one is luckier the custard will still be in the dish, albeit a little watery cause of the more or less direct heat, but it will be beneath the crust and not on top of it.

To avoid these disappointments, the first thing to know is the real use of the pastry rising in that irritating hump. It is because a small pocket of air has remained

between the pastry and the tin or pie plate in which it was baked. Once the heat gets to it, that pocket of air expands and, once this happens, the pastry goes on rising until you have the "hump."

Self-raising flour does not help, but the same thing can happen with plain flour. (I saw a perfect custard pie last week, where self-raising flour had been used.)

For a custard pie or tart, $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 inches in diameter, rub 3 oz. butter into 6 oz. flour, sifted with a pinch of salt. When at the fine breadcrumb stage dot the surface with about $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of water and stir the mixture together with a flexible knife. Gather the moistened mixture with the tips of the fingers, turn it on to a slightly floured board and lightly pat just enough to remove all joins.

Roll out the pastry to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and, having wet the inside of the tin or plate, lift the pastry on the rolling-pin and gently ease it into the container.

Press the pastry absolutely flat against the bottom so that there is not the slightest bubble or pocket of air between the two. Also press it well against the sides. Let it rest, without trimming, while the custard filling is being made, so that it may relax and thus not shrink from the sides during the baking. Then trim and finger-decorate the edges.

For a good firm custard, beat together lightly 3 eggs and 2 oz. sugar. Stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ pint fairly hot milk and add a good pinch of grated nutmeg. Strain this custard into the pie shell. Place it on a baking



sheet which has been in the oven from the time the heat was turned on and bake for 40 minutes at 375 to 380 degrees F. or gas mark 5.

Our mothers always tested custard by inserting a knife in it. If it came out clean, all was well. It is still a pretty good test.

One of the best "crumb" crusts for Lemon Chiffon Pie is made

from rusks or zwieback (an American sweet).

For an 8-inch pie plate, have a good breakfastcup of fine crumbs crushed or rolled out from rusks. Add about $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. fine brown sugar and 4 to 5 tablespoons of melted butter. Mix thoroughly together. Turn the mixture into the plate and press it firmly against the bottom and sides. Place this "shell" in a moderate oven (375 degrees F. or gas mark 5) for about 10 minutes, or perhaps 15.

Remove, and when cold fill with the following: Beat together the yolks of 2 large eggs and 3 oz. caster sugar. Add the juice of 1 large very lemony lemon (or use 2, if necessary) and a pinch of salt. Stand over hot water or use a double boiler and gently cook while stirring until the mixture thickens. Remove and stir in the grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

Meanwhile, wet a teaspoon of powdered gelatine in a tablespoon of water, gently dissolve it over a low heat and stir in.

When almost cold and just before it begins to set, whisk the mixture thoroughly. Finally, whisk the egg whites until they are stiff, turn the custard into them and fold together. Turn into the prepared shell and put it into a cold place to set.

This Lemon Chiffon Pie, with its clean, fresh taste, is preferably eaten without cream.

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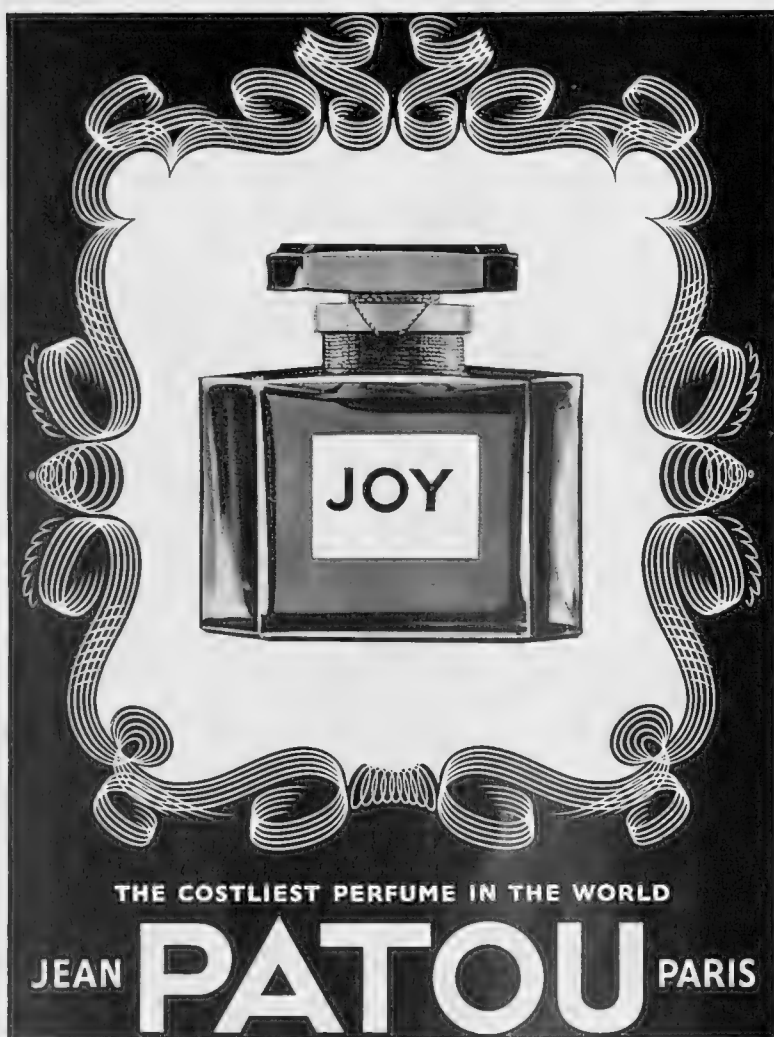
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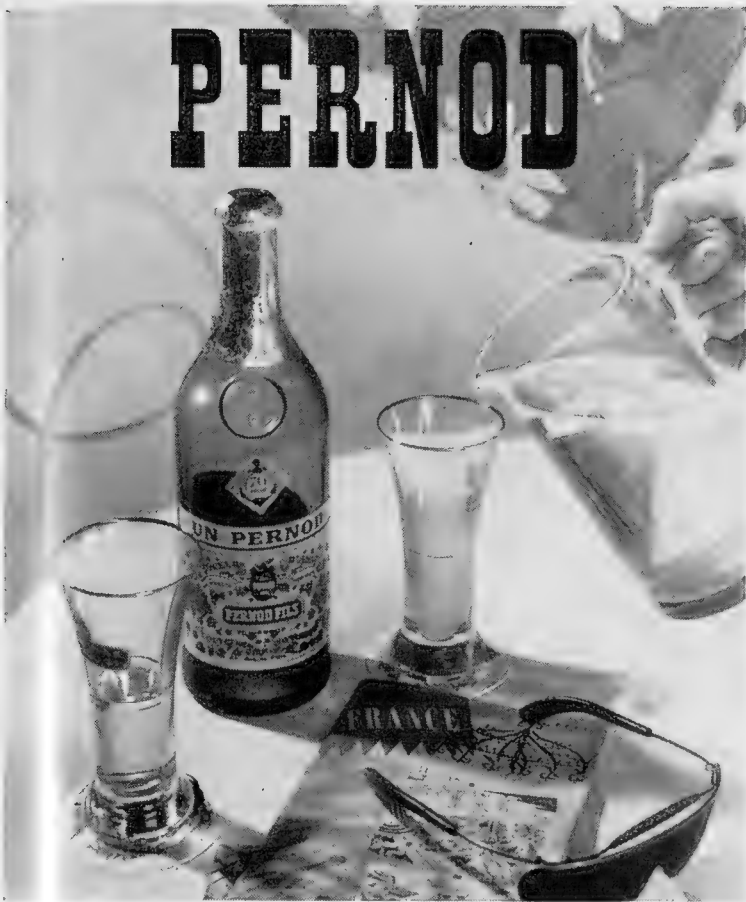
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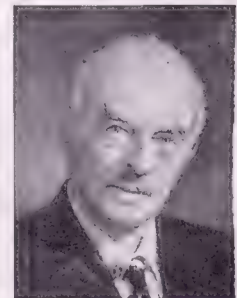
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Martini

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Summer... hot sun and sandy beaches. The times when a woman must be elegant yet casual, graceful but above all comfortable. The time when a woman must look—and feel her best. At such an understanding place as Simpson, you will find clothes to match this mood to perfection—gay, bright, elegant and tremendously wearable. To tempt you particularly: on the right, eminently flattering shirt and shorts in butter-yellow cotton from Italy. Also in blue, pink or navy, £6.10.0. Centre: from Italy again; a brightly printed overblouse to wear with skirt, shorts or jeans, in lime, yellow or orange, £5.17.6. White tapering cotton jeans, tabbed at the calf, £3.15.0.

And a streamlined swimsuit in a new stretch fabric with a built-in bra and a well-cut back which takes a modest plunge. £6.10.0. *Simpson (Piccadilly) Limited, London W1. Regent 2002.*

Elegance is natural at

Simpson
PICCADILLY



New swift line, new uncrowded comfort

"THAT'S A NICE CAR YOU'RE WEARING," her husband remarked. Indeed, they both enthuse about the looks of their new Austin A55 Cambridge Mk II — and they know its looks stem from strictly practical considerations. **PININ FARINA**, who designed the car, always works from the inside outwards, which means that every line of the modern styling is justified by functional

advantages like these: **FAMILY SIZE:** added inches everywhere to give big-car comfort for a medium-car price. Huge 19 cu. ft boot with counterbalanced lid. **RELAXED DRIVING:** unrestricted view all round with 22 sq. ft of safety glass. Raked steering wheel. 4-speed gearbox with either floor or steering column change. **PERFORMANCE:** lively BMC 1½ litre, 4-cylinder engine chucks up 39 mpg at a steady

40 mph. Top speed: in the upper 70's. **FACTS ARE IMPORTANT**, but to know the character, the *feel* of the A55, visit your Austin dealer. Go over the car inch by inch. Then drive it — you'll like it! Arrange for a test drive today. **EUROPEAN TOURING SERVICE.** Ask your dealer about BMC Service Vouchers. Bought in Britain with sterling, they are valid throughout Europe.

AUSTIN A55



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Elizabeth Arden



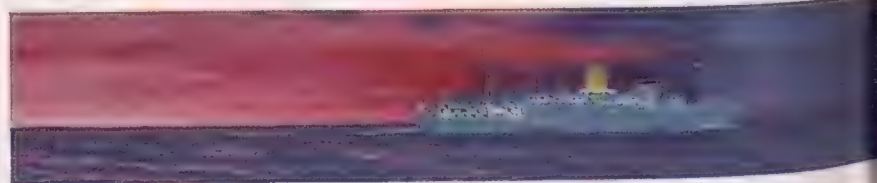
How many chairmen at this table?

Apart from the Captain himself, at least one of the other gentlemen at this table usually turns out to be a Chairman. Counting nearby tables, the score would be much higher. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here, in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman with his eye on Australia or the East, encounters prospects from the outset.

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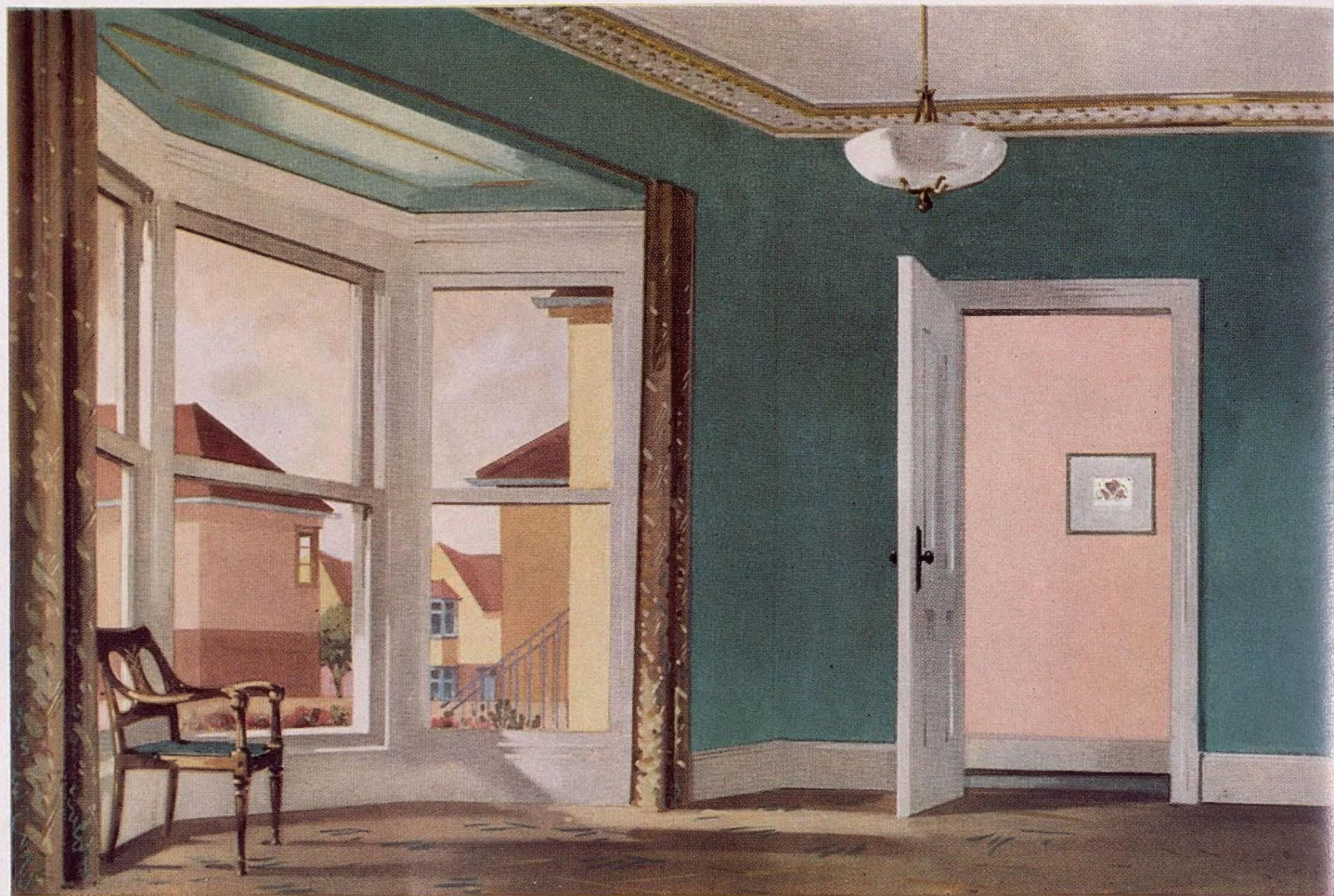
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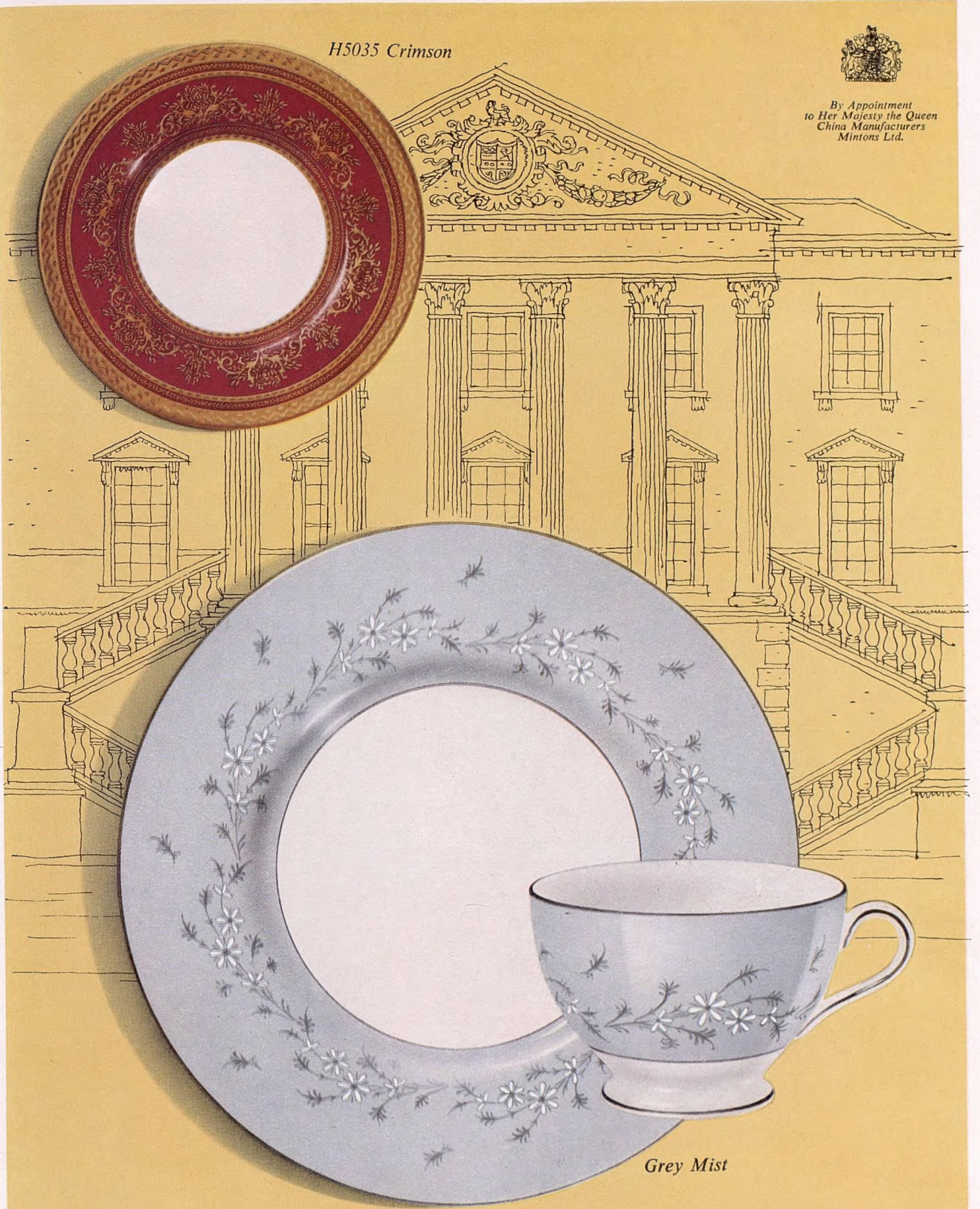
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